LOOKING FORWARD

FOR A GOOD MANY YEARS now most American hospitals have presented a threatening aspect to the ordinary father and husband of the so-called white collar class. "Just enter our gates sick, if you dare," their unprepossessing façades have seemed to say, "and we'll take a good wallop at your pocketbook while you lie on the cot. When a man's ill is the time to make him contribute to our charity wards."

THAT THE IDEA is no optical illusion, either, many a man has found to his dismay when illness came to him or motherhood to his wife and he tried to get together enough cash to buy himself or his wife and child out of a hospital's clutches. "Cash on Delivery" must have had its origin in a maternity hospital cashier's office. For the lists of Credit Men's Association of America contains the name of no hospital. You can buy a Ford through a credit company. But not a baby. A doctor can wait for his money, but not a hospital. Such is our civilization.

FOLLOWING OUT THIS IDEA OF "get the cash let the husbands fall where they may," the Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago, to celebrate National Hospital day, has devised an advance payment scheme whereby the "cash on delivery" curse may be taken off people's birthdays when their parents use the hospital ward and not a private room. "As the young woman enters the pre-natal clinic every month, a payment of five dollars or more is made," the hospital authorities explain. "When it comes time to enter the hospital she has paid forty-five dollars which provides for ten days' stay in the hospital ward including delivery room, laboratory, and all other hospital expenses. Included also are post-natal visits from our nurses."

THUS INSTALLMENT PLAN BABIES will arrive with the hospital already in possession of the necessary money and able to see the parents depart without regrets. The charge is low enough, certainly, and patently the plan is a boon to people who cannot save five dollars a month save under compulsion.

YET THE WHOLE SCHEME, we confess, fills us with apprehension. How much, we would like to know, is this scheme going to raise the charges on the regular rooms the rest of us use? If all hospitals do this for the poor, will it still be possible for the middle class to continue to have children? Will rooms at most hospitals continue to cost merely more than rooms at the Statler hotels or will they go higher than those at the Ritz.

TO US, hospital high finance is one of the world's greatest mysteries. We wish some one would be patient and explain it to us.

FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY.

OUTLOOK
and Independent

VOLUME 158
NUMBER 3

May 20, 1931

Looking Forward 65

Frontispiece: A Cartoon by *Cesare* 66

TREND OF THE WEEK 67

Editorial

Wet or Dry Motor Cars 73

Backstage in Washington ..... *A. F. C.* 74

ARTICLES

The Week in Business ..... *Frank A. Fall* 75

The Spotlight on Sports ..... *George Trevor* 76

Moonshining Becomes Respectable .... *Charles Morrow Wilson* 77

Wealth Rises to the Top ..... *Harold Brayman* 78

Royal Intrigue in Roumania ..... *Konrad Bercovici* 80

When Women Shoppers Travel ..... *T. R. Ybarra* 83

••

The New Books 86

Some Spring Novels ..... *Frances Lamont Robbins* and *Virgilia Peterson Ross* 86

New Biographies ..... *R. D. Townsend* and *Frances Lamont Robbins* 88

Behind the Blurbs ..... *Walter R. Brooks* 89

The New Movies ..... *Creighton Peet* 90

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks ..... *W. R. Brooks* 91

From the Life ..... *Ibby Hall* 92

••

Next Week in the Outlook

Will Propaganda Steal the Movies? By Darwin Teilhet.

Film companies are working on plans to sell the amusement time of audiences to advertisers and propaganda organizations like the Anti-Saloon League. This authoritative article tells how far the companies have gone and asks the question, "Will the theatregoer swallow it—and still pay for it?"

When Dead Men Build. By Claude Bragdon.

"Wake up and Dream" is this architect's advice to his profession which, he says, still builds in the spirit of past ages instead of creating a new order in these days of unparalleled opportunities for great structures.

Royal Intrigue in Roumania. By Konrad Bercovici.

The seventh installment of this serial tells how and why Prince Carol returned to take the throne. An amusing tale of a "double" reported to have preceded him to Bucharest.

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, May 20, 1931. Volume 158. Number 3. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Ed.-Pub. Pres. Francis Rufus Bellamy; Vice-Pres. Marshall Kernochan, Harrison B. Freeman; Treas. Rodman Gilder; Sec'y William T. Adee. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union $6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1925, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1931, by the Outlook Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHO SHALL DECIDE WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUTLOOK
and Independent
May 20, 1931

Trend of the Week

Reno of the U. S. A.

WHEN MAYOR E. E. ROBERTS of Reno was reëlected for a third term, it was first-rate news from Tampa to Tacoma. Mayor Roberts is a national figure. He has spoken for the talkies, smiled for the rotogravure sections and delivered campaign speeches which have been quoted and requoted in newspapers thousands of miles away. The whole country knows that the Mayor believes in Nevada's six-weeks divorce laws, that he approves the legalization of gambling and that in the interest of eventual temperance he would place a barrel of "good corn whisky" on every street corner.

And why shouldn't the country know all this? Mayor Roberts is a national mayor just as Reno is a national city, the creation of all those states in which divorce laws are tight and divorce customs loose. What more natural than that residents of other communities should be interested in the mayor of a city which to large extent is their own creature, sustained out of their own pocketbooks to satisfy their own demands? If anything, they have been getting, not too much, but too little, information about Reno. The Associated Press, for example, reports the reëlection of Mayor Roberts and all his administrative officers "except one councilman." What about that councilman? And what about the other councilmen? Are they all good fellows, right-minded on great public questions like six-weeks divorce laws, public chuck-a-luck tables and corn whisky, as the nation wants them to be? Let's have all the news there is. For some strange reason Americans who live outside Reno and have made that city what it is today are not permitted to vote in Reno elections. Hence, the least they can ask for is to be rendered a regular and complete accounting.

Michelson's Experiment

WHEN THE PHYSICIST Michelson died on May 9 he had exactly—by a bare few hours—finished his life work. He had put the final touches on his precise measurement of the velocity of light.

It is not too much to say that the velocity of light is the cornerstone of the universe. It is to the physicist. For the past six years America's foremost physicist devoted his energies to the refinement and super-refinement of this one fundamental in science until in 1927, by sending a beam of light to a mountain twenty-two miles distant and timing its return, he determined light's speed at 186,286 miles a second. This, however, gave the velocity of light in air and required a further calculation to obtain its slightly higher velocity in a vacuum, the result desired. So this year Michelson had been doing substantially the same thing in a vacuum. A mile of special culvert pipe about a yard in diameter was set up in a perfect line near Los Angeles and apparatus for projecting beams of light from one end to mirrors in the other end and back again was placed within it. Then the ends and joints were sealed and the air pumped out. Whereupon the experiment was made in the vacuum.

It was not a new experiment in principle but a further refinement of an old one—one first performed by the same Michelson as long ago as 1879. The final figure has not yet been announced.

Another Disappointment

WHILE the congress of the International Chamber of Commerce may have helped to advertise the world's economic illness, it did much less to diagnose it and little or nothing to cure it. And it was the cure with which the congress was most concerned. The incoming president of the Chamber, Franz von Mendelssohn of Germany, pointed out that the world now has 20,000,000 unemployed; the outgoing president, George Theunis of Belgium, was convinced that the severity of the crisis "precludes the possibility of an early recovery." Moreover, the Chamber itself prefaced its resolutions with the statement that it "must express frankly business convictions as to the treatment of certain major problems influencing world trade and the welfare of the people."

To judge by the resolutions—and what else has one to judge by?—the treatment consists largely of bread pills. The Chamber found that war debts and reparations, national tariffs, governmental taxes, silver stabilization and disarmament were the major problems of the present crisis. To meet these problems it adopted resolutions which were vague and qualified rather than specific and bold. In essence, the resolutions said that tariffs should not unfairly discriminate between nations and that tariff inequalities should be adjusted without delay; that economy should be contemplated in governmental budgets; that an international conference should study the silver problem; that efforts toward disarmament should be redoubled rather than relaxed, and that an examination of international debts was not inconsistent with the principle that the in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tegrity of these obligations is fundamental to the maintenance of credit and the expansion of industry and commerce. In plain words, the congress said

Wide World

ALBERT A. MICHELSON

nothing that had not been said before and nothing that was worth saying again.

Whoever is discouraged by the lack of a cure for the world's economic illness will be much more discouraged by the treatment prescribed by the International Chamber of Commerce. Here we had a thousand sincere and serious men brought to Washington, as M. Theunis said, "to face the essentials and to coöperate in such a conference as this in an effort to bring about as speedily as possible a better situation." And what did they do? Next to nothing. Their failure is another evidence that business leadership has broken down and that the average business man really has no conception of how the world can be helped back to health.

▶▶*One Reason for It*

To give the congress of the International Chamber of Commerce its due, one minor reason for its failure may have been the fact that it was held in Washington and was therefore fearful lest it do anything to embarrass our supersensitive Administration. Perhaps nothing of any great import would have been done in any case, yet one cannot help noting that the Administration's attitude toward the meeting was decidedly cool. Thus, on May 1, while the delegates were still arriving, Washington correspondents were advised by "an authoritative source" that, as one of them put it, the government would not take official cognizance of the Chamber's deliberations bearing on international relations or make any commitments to follow policies broached by the congress. In other words, the Administration had closed its mind beforehand.

Working in so frigid an atmosphere, an atmosphere still further cooled by President Hoover's evasive opening address, the delegates were hardly inspired to dig deep and speak frankly. Nevertheless, the fact that they remained on the surface and walked the fence failed to save them from bitter and ignorant political attacks from Republican sources. The delegates had scarcely blotted their feeble resolutions before they were decried and denounced as if they had committed an atrocity. Thus Senator Hatfield of West Virginia, a Hawley-Smooter from 'way back, declared that, at the expense of American workers, the international bankers and foreign manufacturers were "deciding what the American Congress should do for the enrichment of foreigners." Thus Representative Ramseyer of Iowa, corntassel economist, seized upon the Chamber's platitude that tariffs should not be unfairly discriminatory, and, under the imprint of the Republican National Committee, issued a broadside describing the Chamber as "an alliance of Democrats, internationalists and foreigners which seeks to aid the recovery of Europe by pushing America deeper into the depression."

If biased balderdash like this followed the Chamber's inoffensive little resolutions, what would have happened if it had struck off a series of resolutions which were genuinely candid and courageous? Would the delegates have escaped with their lives?

▶▶*A Wet Third Party?*

The proposal that war veterans and members of labor organizations form a third party to seek the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is of vital interest to wets and drys alike. According to the New York *Times*, the suggestion was made by General John J. Hartnett, national commander of the Army and Navy Union, in a letter to Matthew Woll, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, who was said to have welcomed the chance to discuss the matter. While the two men are unquestionably sincere wets, this time they are barking up the wrong tree. Sensible drys would like nothing better than a wet third party. Excellent political strategists, they realize that objectives sought in that manner never will be reached. It was not the Prohibition party that gave us prohibition.

As the hard-boiled dry leaders could —but won't—tell Messrs. Woll and Hartnett, the way to bring home the bacon is not to form third parties, which have almost always been failures, but to follow the tactics of the Anti-Saloon League and other successful minority organizations, disregarding party lines, forgetting party labels, working through both major parties, campaigning for ever more members, unifying leadership, arousing voters to support satisfactory candidates and defeat unsatisfactory ones, deluging Congress with messages of protest and commendation, cajoling legislators who hesitate and clubbing those who balk, pursuing a single aim and never forgetting it for an instant. That method has been tried and found to work. The third-party method has been tried and found wanting.

To be sure, wets need not adopt the ethical standards of dry organizations, which have often been dubious, but otherwise they should imitate such organizations as closely as possible. Let them form themselves into a third party, however, and they will simply commit suicide.

▶▶*War to Peace to War?*

"I have been all over Europe in the past few months," Charlie Chaplin, the film comedian, told a London newspaper man. "Patriotism is rampant everywhere, and the result is going to be

REMARKABLE REMARQUE
Author of "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "The Road Back"

another war." He then expressed a wish that has found lodgment in many minds and many hearts, and, in truth, has not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a little to commend it. "I hope they send the old men to the front next time," he said, "for it is the old men who are the real criminals in Europe today." If Chaplin's utterances have half as great an audience as his pantomime, these words will be noted all over the world.

And that will be all to the good. It is not yet generally understood that Europe is marching straight and fast toward another war, though many students of continental politics have reported the fact. More, it has been recognized by international conferences, notably by the January meeting on the proposed European federation, which formally deplored "irresponsible talk" of war, and by prominent European statesmen, notably by Mussolini, who remarked last October that Europe "stammers of peace at Geneva but prepares for war everywhere," and who, it may be added, certainly ought to know.

Thirteen years ago we all thought we had learned something. We thought we had learned, as one man in particular had learned, that "all learning, all culture, all science is nothing but hideous mockery, so long as mankind makes war in the name of God and humanity with gas, iron, explosive and fire." Yet men follow their behavior pattern still and, like fools, daily draw nearer the shell-holes. We are living again "as though the monstrous years had never been when one thing and one thing only mattered—life or death, and beyond that nothing."

The quoted phrases are taken from *The Road Back,* Erich Maria Remarque's impassioned sequel to his superb *All Quiet on the Western Front.* That this moving plea for peace, this tragic story of German soldiers' pitiful attempts to fit themselves back into post-war society, should be published just at this time, when Europe is readier for war than it has been in a decade, is surpassingly cruel irony. Is it inevitable, then, this shuttling from war to peace to war again? Remarque, too, asks that familiar and disheartening question. "Because none can ever wholly feel what another suffers—is that the reason why wars perpetually recur?"

▶▶*The Senate as Underdog*

THE sympathy of the country goes rolling out in waves to the United States Senate. As the nation realizes, the Senate is reasonably game, but, as the nation also realizes, in Bishop James Cannon of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, it has simply met its master. Thank Heaven Americans still feel deeply enough for the underdog to be on the side of the Senate in this one-sided combat and not on the side of the Bishop.

If the Senate had been less plucky it would have realized last year that Bishop Cannon is far too strong to be confronted by the upper house of Congress. It was then that the Senate first stood up to the Bishop, only to retreat badly beaten and humiliated. That was when Bishop Cannon pulled the nose

International

CANNON AIDE

Ada L. Burroughs, treasurer of the Virginia Anti-Smith Committee of 1928

of the Senate lobby committee by refusing to answer its questions pertaining to his activities and expenditures against Smith in 1928. The committee had no authority to ask him such questions, said Bishop Cannon, and the poor committeemen, hurt and frightened, were forced to agree with him.

Early this month the Senate returned to the attack through its committee investigating campaign funds, seeking to question Ada L. Burroughs, treasurer of the 1928 Virginia anti-Smith Committee, of which Bishop Cannon was chairman. It was last year all over again. While Bishop Cannon sat by, the middle-aged Miss Burroughs, dressed in black, with horn-rimmed spectacles, challenged the authority of this committee, as the Bishop had challenged the authority of the other, and flatly refused to answer this committee's questions, as the Bishop had flatly refused to answer the other's. Again the Senate was beaten and again it was practically helpless. It cannot punish the lady for contempt until Congress convenes in December and it probably won't punish her even then.

If the Senators are wise they will cease their attacks on Bishop Cannon right now, before the Bishop sends his office boy to pull their noses as he and Miss Burroughs pulled them. If that should happen, the public's sympathy with the outmatched legislators might change to contempt. As matters stand, there is nothing for the Senators to be ashamed of. They have simply been defeated by a man who is incomparably stronger, more determined and more courageous than they are.

▶▶*For That Tired Feeling*

FROM Vienna, city of wine and waltz-time, of Freud who believes in dreams and of Voronoff who believes in glands and eternal youth, comes another report to strain the layman's credulity. Viennese experimenters, it is said, are testing a radio wave device which overcomes fatigue and stimulates the brain.

If you feel lively and alert, you will want to know that the principle of the machine is the application to the head of high frequency electric currents generated by vacuum tubes. If you are just too tired and depressed for principles, all you will care to know is that, when and if the new machine arrives in this country, you will be able simply to place your head between the electrodes of an electric wave generator for a few moments and emerge completely rested and ready to set the world afire. The effect of the electrical treatment is said to be a gentle exhilaration and speeding up of mental processes and nervous reactions —not unlike an alcoholic or drug stimulation, though without the detrimental after-effects. Which sounds pretty good, but—

Is there a moralist in the house? If so, will he rise and state whether it is any less sinful to be stimulated by electricity than by alcohol? No? We thought not. Hence, if they wish to save their grandchildren from bootleg generators and from the necessity of darting into speakeasies for illegal afternoons among the electrodes, the sponsors of this new device should take care how they introduce it to the United States. Let them play up its efficiency and play down its exhilaration. We in America are very fond of efficiency, but we are mighty suspicious of exhilaration; we are suspi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cious of Vienna, too, for that matter. If the makers of the new machine wish to preserve it from future Volsteads, they must clothe it in slogans of sobriety and common sense. "Earn with Electrodes," for instance. Or, "High Frequency Means High Finance."

▶▶*Workmanlike Flight*

IT WAS the undramatic finish of Captain Albin Ahrenberg's transatlantic rescue flight which kept it from receiving the credit it deserved. On April 29, Captain Ahrenberg took off from Malmo, Sweden, for Angmagsalik, Greenland, to help effect the rescue of Augustine Courtauld, meteorologist of the British expedition which has been sketching an Arctic air route from England to Canada. Flying by way of Norway, the Faroe Islands and Iceland, he landed his monoplane at Angmagsalik on May 3 with an imposing task before him. He was either to locate and provision Courtauld, whom the British expedition had left in December at its weather station on an ice cap 150 miles inland from Angmagsalik, or to locate, provision and reconnoitre for the sledging party which had been seeking Courtauld since April 21. After being held at Angmagsalik by fogs, Captain Ahrenberg flew inland on May 7, sighted the sledging party 100 miles from Angmagsalik, and found that it had already rescued Courtauld. Thus all that he did was to hail the party and drop some food which was a welcome, though apparently not an essential, addition to the larder.

Drama and news value aside, the unexpected rescue of Courtauld by the sledging party does not detract from the flight of Ahrenberg in the slightest. He not only crossed the Atlantic in conspicuously workmanlike fashion, he also had a reasonable and commendable objective when he set out. Not as much can be said for most of the other transatlantic fliers, who have gambled their lives for the sheer sport or the money in it.

▶▶*Musical Comedy Mayor*

THINK AGAIN if you have been thinking that Mayor Walker has lost his popularity now that a group of citizens has demanded that he be removed from office, now that a committee of the State legislature is investigating every phase of New York City's government. Attired in glossy silk hat, with elegantly tailored striped trousers and cutaway, Jimmie headed a police department parade up Broadway and Fifth Avenue the other day, turning it into a personal triumph. At the end of the march through applauding crowds, it was clear beyond doubt that Jimmie is still New York's favorite son and that, were he to run for office tomorrow, he would probably be reëlected by an enormous majority.

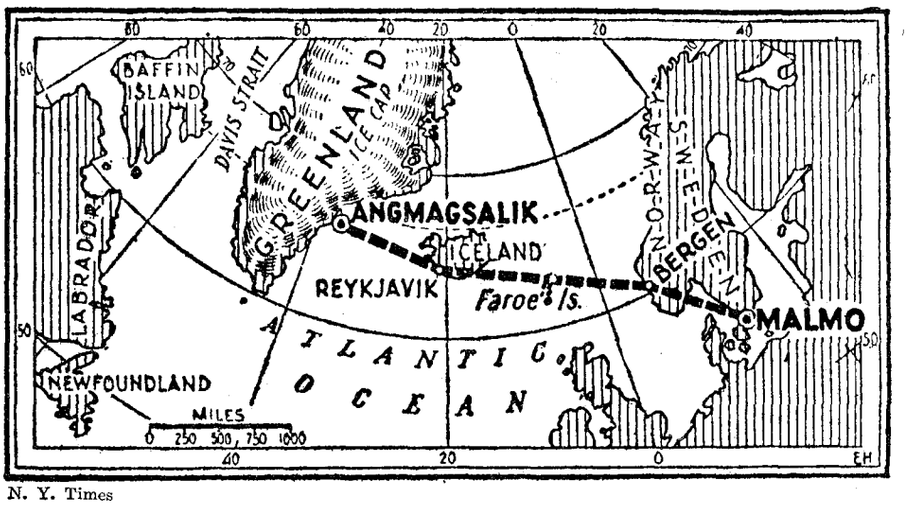
Why? Well, follow the paraders and see. "How are the dogs?" cry sidewalk humorists. The Mayor waves his hat and smiles. A bootblack, wearing a clownish evening coat, pops out and greets his Mayor—"How are you, Jimmie?" The Mayor points to his own transcendent trousers. "All right, Tony; I'll give you the pants later." A sprig of apple blossoms comes sailing through the air. Jimmie remarks that at first he thought they were lilies. Out of the crowd emerges a Negro longshoreman waving an American flag; he has taken the day off to "see Jimmie." Jimmie grasps his hand and permits him to march alongside. A German accent on the curbstone opines that the Mayor probably could find use for a glass of beer. "More than one," says Jimmie. And so on.

In a few words, it was a musical comedy parade headed by a musical comedy "lead," well-dressed, disillusioned, witty and charming—a "lead" who, though he grins at himself and every one else, is known by his audience to be not only able (when he wants to be) but also sound at heart. Jimmie translates the problems of municipal government—a series of headaches to the average person—into simple, musical comedy terms that the average person understands. In his hands they become problems that can be solved with a jig and a jest, in the musical comedy manner, much as Jack Donahue solved the problems of the war in *Sons o' Guns*. All the pompous, stuffed-shirt qualities, all the baffling complexities, disappear from politics at sight of Jimmie's grin. New York finds that to its liking. So does the rest of the country. So would any democracy. Before you sneer at New York for shallowness and flippancy, remember that Jimmie is popular wherever he goes. If he chose, he could probably be mayor of any city in the land—up to and including Bossy Gillis's own Newburyport.

▶▶*Stimson's Baffle-Book*

THE Latin-American policy of Secretary of State Stimson may best be described as confusion worse confounded. In mid-April Mr. Stimson made a flagrant mistake by refusing to protect surviving American citizens in inland Nicaragua from the bandits who had already slain nine of them. Now, in his radio address of May 9, he announces that "we have no intention of removing from American citizens in Nicaragua the protection which American citizens are entitled and accustomed to receive under the law of nations." To reconcile the action in April with the assertion in May is to reconcile no with yes.

Is Mr. Stimson saying that he regrets the action he took in April and has determined to give American citizens proper protection henceforth, even in Nicaragua? If not, is he saying that the protection he has afforded Americans in Nicaragua—protection at coast towns coupled with warnings that they must not expect our troops to go inland—is all the protection they are entitled to? If so, is he also saying that this pseudo-



N. Y. Times

ROUTE OF THE RESCUER
Map shows Captain Ahrenberg's course across the North Atlantic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

protection is all Americans are entitled to in any country under the law of nations? We don't know. Mr. Stimson's contradictory words and actions have utterly confused us as to what to expect from the State Department; they have confused Latin-Americans; they have confused Americans already in Nicaragua and other southern countries as well as Americans who intend to enter these countries; they have confused European nations depending upon the United States to protect their citizens in Latin-America, and, we dare say, they have confused the State Department itself. Maybe Mr. Stimson knows what he's driving at. We don't believe any one else does.

▶▶*Subnormal Criminals*

"LIKE a skirmish on the Western Front on a minor scale." So said former Secretary of War Newton D. Baker of the sensational capture in New York City of two young men and a girl sought in connection with the murder of a policeman and a dance-hall hostess. The three were captured in a rooming house on May 7 after they had shot it out for an hour with a hundred policemen armed with pistols, shotguns, automatic rifles, tear bombs and axes. Police say that the older man, Rudolph Duringer, in company with the younger, Francis Crowley, killed the dance-hall hostess on April 29, and that this murder led to the second on May 6, when Crowley, sitting in a stolen car with a girl, Helen Walsh, killed a patrolman who had recognized him. While the bombardment of the rooming house was in progress, Crowley and the girl were writing letters "To Whom It May Concern."

"If I die," wrote Helen, "and my face you are able to see, wave my hair, make my face look pretty . . . . Do my nails all over. I don't use this kind of polish; it's too dark. I like pale pink . . . . I bet 'Legs' Diamond dies upon something different from bullets . . . . If I should see Vivian Gordon I will ask her who shot her . . . . Hello, boys! Well, hello, boys! How's everything with you? I was visiting the Village all week in night clubs with two boys . . . . We all had a swell time."

"I was born on the thirty-first," wrote Crowley. "She was born on the thirteenth. I guess it was fate that made us mate. When I die put a lily in my hand, let the boys know how they'll look. Underneath my coat will lay a weary kind heart what wouldn't harm anything. I hadn't nothing else to do. That's why I went around bumping off cops . . . . Take a tip from me to never let a copper go an inch above your knee . . . . Now that my death is so near there is a couple of bulls at the door and saying 'Come hear.'"

One does not need be either a sentimentalist or a psychiatrist to feel that these letters, evidently designed for the newspapers, were written by subnormal persons, if not by morons. Of the nineteen-year-old Crowley they tell a significant story, especially when noted in connection with the facts that he had hated policemen for years because one had killed his step-brother; that he was a small, boastful person who despised his Christian name, Francis, and liked to be called "Two-Gun Crowley;" that he delighted in seeing his name in print, was attentive to photographers, and, on being indicted, bragged about his police record, readily confessed to the murder of the patrolman and asked for a quick trial, displaying no fear of the death he expected in the electric chair.

Is society to deal with its hundreds of thousands of mentally and emotionally deficient Crowleys precisely as if they

Remarkable Remarks

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on Page 96.

I don't know anything about any depression.—J. P. MORGAN.

J. Philip Howard, 26 Trowbridge St., Cambridge, Mass., $5 prize.

On the day on which a sufficient number of people are convinced that better times are in sight, a wave of contagious optimism will spread, following a few false starts, and will set the economic machine in full motion again.—Former Premier GEORGE THEUNIS.

Chas. F. Bieder, 174 Burrows St., Geneva, Ohio, $2 prize.

I do not know of anything worse for American business today than a demand for another revision of the tariff by Congress.—SENATOR REED SMOOT.

Mrs. H. L. Love, 256 E. 1st North St., Provo, Utah, $2 prize.

An executive is a man who advances himself through the brilliance of others. —JOHN A. KLING.

Mrs. T. A. Conway, 228 East Third St., Elyria, Ohio, $2 prize.

Enforcement is getting better each year. There is today nothing like the sale of liquor there was three years ago.—ANDREW J. VOLSTEAD.

Carl Lampus, 151 Decatur St., Brooklyn, N. Y., $2 prize.

It isn't normal that girls of sixteen should go to dances and drink raw alcohol.—GILBERT K. CHESTERTON.

Albert G. Miller, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., $2 prize.

The English are not an inventive people; they don't eat enough pie.—THOMAS A. EDISON.

Mrs. Rose P. Santen, 2716 Genesee St., Utica, N. Y., $2 prize.

No native people has ever been better treated by the invader and his dominating civilization than has the American Indian by the government of the United States.—SECRETARY RAY LYMAN WILBUR.

Miss Stella M. Neal, Box 267, Forest Park Sta., Springfield, Mass., $2 prize.

The mere physiological facts of sex did not interest me. Sex was the one attribute in which the human race differed not at all from the animal.—MARY ROBERTS RINEHART.

Miss Beatrice Chauvenet, Box 1311, Santa Fe, N. M., $2 prize.

One of the chief reasons that widowers get married so quickly is because they find out that it bankrupts them to try to pay for the work that a wife has done for her board and clothes.—DOROTHY DIX.

J. J. Bruehlman, Woodville, Ohio, $2 prize.

The best definition I know of a pessimist is one who has done business with an optimist.—GEORGE OTIS SMITH.

Miss Florence Kemp, Shenandoah, Iowa, $2 prize.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

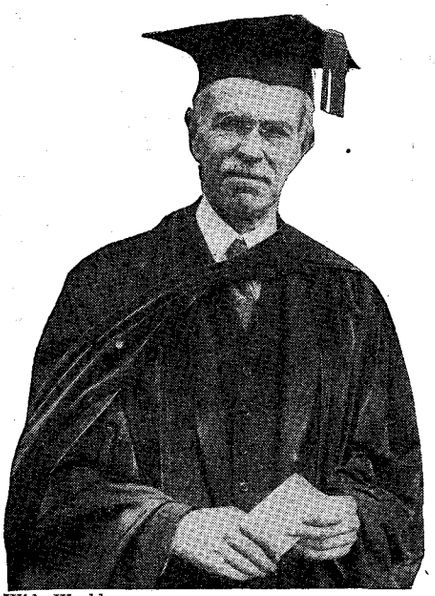
were normal criminals? Perhaps, but it can hardly expect them to react normally to the idea of retribution. Many of them are less impressed by the thought that crime spells punishment than by the thought that it also spells publicity. Or is society to broaden and quicken its effort to weed them out in youth, by psychiatric examinations in courts, schools and so on? Whatever it does, it must recognize that, when and if it solves the problem of the modern, organized criminal, there will remain the problem of crime committed by psychopaths and morons. These form special classes and must be treated as such—a fact which has not yet dawned on the general public.

▶▶*Einstein's Protest*

Considering what happened in 1914 when the Archduke Franz Ferdinand was killed at Sarajevo, one hesitates to say that there can be no great international interest or importance in a single political murder committed in Yugoslavia. Perhaps, then, we go astray in belittling the letter by Albert Einstein, the scientist, and Heinrich Mann, the novelist, protesting against the murder of Professor Milan Sufflay on the streets of Agram, one of Yugoslavia's principal cities, on February 18.

The Einstein letter, sent to the international headquarters, at Paris, of the League for the Rights of Man, is unquestionably strong. It gives dates, specifies places and names names. Professor Sufflay, a Croatian, was beaten to death with an iron rod, it says. "The name of the murderer is known. It was Nikola Jukitsch. His organization (Young Yugoslavia) likewise is known. It was even known that arrangements for the murder had been worked out on the eleventh in the home of the military commandant of the city." Nevertheless, the Agram police declared that the name of the murderer was not known; the news of the Professor's death was suppressed, and, in short, there is evidence that King Alexander's dictatorship, which the Croatians oppose, is winking at the crime with both eyes.

All of which, if true (much of it is denied by Yugoslavian delegates to the Chamber of Commerce meeting at Washington), is mildly interesting, but in what way is it important enough to draw a letter of protest from Einstein? Are acts of violence with political motives so rare in our modern world that this one deserves special attention? And, if so, when did they become rare? No, Europe is not likely to become aroused over the Sufflay affair, and certainly the United States is not. The case is not spectacular enough. If Professor Einstein is to work for human rights as effectively as he wishes to, if he is to use the huge publicity power of his name to best advantage, he must discipline his indignation and save his bullets for big game. Those who demand increased respect for the rights of man are apt to get small results at best. They are apt to get none at all when they go hunting mosquitoes and scattering their shots.



Wide World

WET PRESIDENT

Dr. John Grier Hibben of Princeton backs Crusaders' repeal campaign

▶▶*Presidents of Princeton*

Our dry friends will note with sorrow and surprise that President John Grier Hibben of Princeton, like Dean Clarence W. Mendell of Yale, has endorsed the work of the Crusaders, an organization of young men committed to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. This, however, is not the first time that Dr. Hibben has displayed doubts about Volsteadism nor is he the first president of Princeton to do so. We have in mind one of Dr. Hibben's predecessors, an educator, later a statesman, about whom many people feel more deeply than they feel about any other American, living or dead.

The admiration, even reverence, for this man is particularly strong among Democrats, for he too was a Democrat, and it is probably strongest in the Democratic South. Whenever his name is mentioned at Democratic national conventions, and it always is mentioned, the dry delegates from the dry South can scarcely contain themselves. They clap their hands, they stamp their feet, they cheer and, on the slightest provocation, they will organize parades. They believe —they almost literally believe—that he was a man who did, and indeed could do, no wrong whatever during his lifetime; that his every word was a jewel; that his every act shone with the gloss of perfection. And, one and all, they have either forgotten or determined to forget that as President of the United States he vetoed the Volstead act. As of course it is superfluous to say, we refer to Woodrow Wilson.

▶▶*Rioting in Spain*

The orderliness with which Spain overthrew its monarchy and set up a republic was just a bit too good to be true. It was a bloodless revolution— almost literally a bloodless revolution—which deposed King Alfonso and lifted Alcala Zamora from prison to Presidency; it was an apparently happy and peaceful populace which went back to work after a single holiday and it was a remarkably sane program with which the new régime proposed to consolidate the provisional government into a permanent one. Nevertheless, only a short-sighted observer could have failed to wonder about these piping times of peace. Could the accouchement of a republic be so painless? Could mother and child escape the violent after-effects which France experienced at the close of the eighteenth century, Russia more than a decade ago and America a century and a half before that?

It is history now that Spain did not escape. On May 10 the republic witnessed its first serious rioting. In Madrid a group of monarchists were attacked and beaten by republicans who attempted to lynch a cabinet member of the old government and to burn the office of the conservative newspaper, *ABC*, whose editor had visited Alfonso in Paris. Calm was restored when the government ordered the arrest of the cabinet officer and the suspension of the paper, but it did not last. On May 11 Madrid was in turmoil, with anti-Catholics and extremist republicans rioting through the streets, burning churches and convents and threatening priests and monarchists. When martial law was proclaimed in that city, the situation was brought partly under control. Yet

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on May 12 the rioting had spread to a half dozen other Spanish cities, including Cadiz, Cordova and Seville.

At this writing it is impossible to determine how far the rioting will go or, because of incomplete and censored dispatches, to explain the disorder save as the customary excess bred by revolution. While the aftermath of dictatorship brought revolution and the end of monarchy, the aftermath of revolution may now force another dictatorship which would seriously threaten the republic.

▶▶*Regarding Fire Horses*

CANDY CIGARETTES, coaster brakes, fire horses bring back memories of childhood. Especially fire horses. The news of the recent death in Council Bluffs, Iowa, of Edward Walker, Sr., who drove what was reputed to be the world's fastest fire-horse team, brings back the sharpest memory of them all. Did anything else ever move so fast, was anything else so exciting as those huge horses thundering through town? Remember their straining muscles beneath the glittering harness, the hatless driver urging them on, the firemen working into their rubber coats, hanging to the careening wagon with one hand, the staring, running bystanders blinking at the horses' splendor and speed? The speed was not entirely imaginary, either; Mr. Walker's famous team, Jack and Jim, set the record in 1905 by running a half mile in a minute and a quarter.

Two years ago we would have hesitated to suggest it, knowing that no one would have had time to listen. Of late, though, the tempo of life has slowed down a little; women's skirts are long again; magnates linger sleepily over lunch; brokers plant window boxes at their offices; the prices in grocery store windows recall the days when one used to be sent down the street for a pound of butter. Therefore, we do suggest it: Why not revive the old horse-drawn fire department? Half a mile a minute is a pretty good clip—perhaps modern drivers could even better Mr. Walker's old record. The old fire departments used to arrive at fires somehow, and with an air of breathless haste and eagerness that the engines of today never match. Why not revive horse-drawn fire departments and so doing bring back one of the finest sights a man can see? We put it squarely up to the fire insurance companies, refusing in advance to listen to reason.

▶▶*In Brief*

NOW THAT A COMMISSION appointed by President Hoover has completed an inquiry into the effects of the dry laws, a commission appointed by Prohibition Commissioner Woodcock will start an inquiry into the effects of the dry laws. This is known in official Washington as Getting Somewhere. . . . How much simpler and neater, though, if Mr. Woodcock had appointed the Wickersham commissioners all over again. . . . Certainly that newly coined word "booksneaf" ought to discourage the snitching of books. Think how that word "scofflaw" discouraged the consumption of alcoholic beverages. . . .

Wet or Dry Motor Cars

FROM MILWAUKEE comes word of a most sinister development in the wet-dry controversy. Supervisors of that town, it seems, being wet, refuse to continue purchasing Ford automobiles for the Sheriff's office, explaining that "We're helping the dry cause when we limit our purchases to Fords." A certain proportion of Mr. Ford's profits, they apparently figure, will go to the war chest of the Anti-Saloon League. War chests are half the battle in the political arena. And the Anti-Saloon League is their political enemy. Cut off their supplies, they reason.

Is this logical? Of course it is—provided prohibition is a moral war to the hilt. In a war of extermination, any weapon is a logical one. The followers of Mohammed in a Holy War give no quarter and expect none. Poison gas was used on both sides during the last war. The next war will probably see the extermination of whole cities by the same means. Let the psychology of war get hold of you and such things will be the inevitable result. The wet supervisors in Milwaukee know an unscrupulous enemy when they see one—and it is their intent to use his own weapons against him.

Now, that such an action is to be hotly condemned goes without saying. It takes no vast reflection to realize that any widespread commercial boycott in this country based on the liquor issue will ruin a business world already in an unhealthy condition. For wets or drys to indulge in any such practice locally or nationally will have results as disastrous as an actual declaration of commercial civil war. In fact, any genuine spreading of such an idea would result in actual war, of which the only outcome would be ruin for everybody, wet and dry alike. Wherefore the obligation that lies upon wet leaders everywhere to see to it that, no matter what the provocation, nothing resembling a business boycott gets started.

Once this is emphasized, however, it is the duty of the OUTLOOK to point out to the leaders of the drys that the major responsibility for any untoward development which may come still rests squarely upon their shoulders. For years they have been preaching what in effect is a Holy War. This first back-swirl of hatred is the whirlwind they themselves have been industriously sowing. Conceiving the liquor problem as a moral issue, and not as a problem of government, for years they encouraged the use of poison gas in politics. And for some time now they have been extending its use into business circles as well, as this journal knows only too well from its own experience.

No sooner had the OUTLOOK come out for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment than certain well-known drys began circulating, in and out of print, malicious rumors to the effect that the OUTLOOK circulation had been cut in half. These rumors, which were ridiculously contrary to the fact, were used in an attempt to discourage the development of confidence among commercial advertisers in the new OUTLOOK. Certain zealous drys, prominent in educational circles, then moved to have the OUTLOOK barred from the Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature, as a first step to having it cast out of the Public Libraries. Followed public speeches by ministers all over the country. Such men as the Editor of the *Epworth Herald* even advocated the barring of this magazine from all Christian homes which the Methodist church could influence. Nor did the boycott cease there. Instead it was carried by other drys into manufacturing and financial circles, where it is still going on.

Since when, we ask, has a stand upon any other political question, Republican or Democratic, by the editor of a journal or the owner of a jewelry store, resulted in the use of such poison gas tactics? The answer is, since the founding of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Anti-Saloon League of America and its support by the majority of Protestant churchmen. The present unfortunate action of the supervisors of the town of Milwaukee is a direct outcome of the fanaticism of the dry leaders of this country. They should make public recantation of their professions of prejudice.

THE EDITORS.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DESPITE the delicacy with which foreign delegates to the recent convention of the International Chamber of Commerce disposed of the subjects of revision of tariffs and war debts, we find that America's refusal to consider any alteration has seriously affected the attitude of foreign business men and government officials. We talked at length with numerous visitors on these questions, and, once assured that their opinions would not be attributed to them, they denounced Uncle Sam as a dog in the international manger. Most of them came and went away convinced that the trade barriers we have erected, and led other nations to set up, provide an effective obstacle to speedy recovery from the present depression. Had it not been for President Hoover's unwillingness to discuss these bread-and-butter subjects in his address of welcome, as THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT has pointed out, we understand there would have been forthcoming a proposal for an international parley to do for the world economic war what Versailles did at the end of the 1914-1918 conflict. Our President, however, gave a broad hint that Europe's armaments rather than America's attitude on tariffs and debts were the only fit subject for the Chamber's consideration, and the assembled delegates took him at his word.

Privately influential British representatives let it be known that the original Balfour program for disposition of the war debts still stood, but that England would never raise it again without some intimation it would be satisfactory to the United States. That contemplated cancellation by Great Britain of the sums owed to her by her debtors, provided the United States would reciprocate with cancellation of a similar amount of the total due this country from the British. Reiteration of willingness to forgive and forget, however, got nowhere, and the Chamber's convention turned out to be no more than a talk-fest, although few expected that it would have any greater value.

If anything, the internationalists' debates have served to strengthen Mr. Hoover's determination to pursue the same old Harding-Coolidge policy with respect to tariffs, armaments, debts and world politics. We note that recent utterances by Republican Senators and Representatives lay stress on the fact that many Democrats seem to agree with some of the ideas expounded by our guests from abroad. Already the G. O. P. strategists are beginning to revive the issues of 1920 and the period in which our present isolationist rôle was adopted. The Lucas-Fess-West mimeographs are turning out daily attacks in which the Democrats are denounced as men willing to destroy the American standard of living by levelling tariff walls and cancelling the financial obligations of World War days. The 1932 campaign is on.

Shoemaker in Chicago Tribune

Back again!

Mr. Hoover, by now, has pretty well outlined the attitude he will take if he obtains a renomination, as seems likely, although his speeches within the next month will undoubtedly contain a few new ideas, or at least some novel twists.

He will stand pat. He will permit no tariff revision other than the piecemeal changes to be made by his commission. He will oppose any alteration of the financial, political and trade relations which we now have with the rest of the world. He will reiterate his definite distaste for any move which smacks of what he once called "state socialism," whether it contemplates additional aid for the farmer and unemployed, or greater governmental control of business and industry. He will, likewise, continue to do or say nothing about prohibition, if possible and expedient, although home-brewing and home-winemaking policies established by his subordinates will whittle away at the grand old law, and, it is hoped, temper the resentment of Republican wets.

Mr. Hoover, I understand, has outlined this program to his close friends, and they agree with him. He is content to stake renomination and reëlection on the chance that there will be an upturn in business before the fall of 1932, although his confidential information is not at all cheering. I hear that charts prepared for him by Dr. Julius Klein of the Department of Commerce show a sharp decline following the slight recovery recorded along in February. The two men, I understand, spend hours poring over their indexes in an effort to discern clearing skies, but so far their labor has been in vain. Up to the present they refuse to agree with the school which characterizes the present slump as a "revolution" rather than a "depression," and they base all their estimates and calculations on figures and phenomena noted in the dark years of 1873, 1893, 1907, 1911 and 1921. Originally, they thought the slowness of the present decline to be a heartening factor, and saw it as assurance that recovery would be all the more rapid, but now, I am told, they are becoming more and more worried.

In view of this, it is hard to understand how Mr. Hoover can be satisfied with a stand-pat program. In his heart, I believe, he would like to embrace a more liberal program, even a radical one if need be, but he cannot. He surrendered too completely to the conservative elements in his party in the first two years of his Administration, and it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is too late to change. He has taken his stand with the Watsons, the Reeds and the Smoots—the reactionary elders of the G. O. P.—and, if only for the sake of consistency, he must carry on. He cannot hearken to the more socially minded men in his party, to those with vision and courage, to the hard-headed leaders of business and industry. He is like William Howard Taft, who, I imagine, entered the White House in the belief he could advance Theodore Roosevelt's policies, but discovered that it was much easier to go along with the regular boys. It would be ironic if the parallel should run through to the Tuesday after the first Monday in November of 1932.

A. F. C.

The Week in Business

▸▸Still Waiting

BUSINESS continues to mark time, with no development on which the cheer leaders might base a locomotive or even a shorter vocal demonstration in the stands. That corner we were supposed to have turned a month or more ago seems to have led to a poorly paved street with a sharp downgrade.

General indices, even when adjusted for seasonal variation, offer little encouragement. Steel production has dropped to 47 per cent of capacity; building construction, car loadings, electric power and cotton cloth production are all down, and failures are up. The only sign of light comes from the automobile industry, which shows a slight gain.

The outstanding development of the week was the reduction of the rediscount rate by the Federal Reserve Bank of New York to 1½ per cent, the lowest rate voted by any central bank since the Federal Reserve system was established. Cuts have been made also by six other regional banks—Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis and Dallas.

While this general reduction of short-term money rates may have some effect on international movements of capital, just what impact it will have on our domestic business muddle is difficult to forecast. Theoretically it should help the bond market, and many bankers believe that business in general will not revive until the public shakes off its fear complex and resumes the buying of bonds. In the past, easy money has generally stimulated bond-buying, but all signs fail in dry weather and right now the business weather is dry as a bone.

▸▸Sugar's Five-Year Plan

IN BRUSSELS on May 9 delegates representing 80 per cent of the world's sugar-exporting industries affixed their signatures to what may eventually be regarded as one of the most important business documents of all time.

The plan, which was worked out by Thomas L. Chadbourne following an effort made by President Machado of Cuba about a year ago, calls for the segregation of surplus stocks of sugar for orderly marketing over a period of years; restriction of output of the chief exporting countries of the world so that the future output as well as the annual sales of the segregated surpluses will equal and not exceed consumption; and governmental sanction to control arrangements so that recalcitrants will have no opportunity to take advantage of their fellows.

There were seven signatory nations—Cuba, Java, Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Belgium and Hungary. While the agreement will affect the entire sugar-exporting industry, in which more than two billions of capital is invested, it promises to be of greatest value to Cuba, whose economic existence has been seriously menaced by the decline of the price of sugar to the present level of about 1¼ cents a pound.

This is a conspicuous example of skillful business doctoring, and no fair-minded observer will begrudge Mr. Chadbourne's personal triumph, nor his decoration as an officer of the Legion of Honor.

Keystone

GEORGE F. BAKER

▸▸A Titan Passes

GEORGE FISHER BAKER moves on, sincerely and affectionately mourned by hundreds of the world's outstanding bankers, statesmen and industrialists. He was honored by many unofficial titles, such as the "Dean of American Banking" and the "Grand Old Man of Wall Street." Judge Gary hailed him as "New York's first citizen."

Going to work as a clerk at 16, he made his life all of a piece, embodying the ideals of industry, integrity and conservatism. That he became the nation's third richest man (his personal fortune being exceeded only by those of John D. Rockefeller and Henry Ford) is merely an incidental sign-post of his career. He was primarily the great stabilizer—one on whom the country could depend absolutely in any emergency of war or peace.

In banking, he despised shady deals and sensational methods. For many years during the period of startling concentrations of banking capital, there was a saying in Wall Street that the First National Bank would never figure in a merger as long as George F. Baker was alive. This was a true saying, and the First National under the able leadership of his son will surely continue the Baker tradition.

▸▸Going Down

CONTINUING the friendly race between English and American economists to see which can turn out the most copy, John A. Todd, principal of the Liverpool City School of Commerce, contributes *The Fall of Prices* (Oxford University Press, $1.25).

The meat of Mr. Todd's argument is in Chapter V, "Possible Cures." While he does not believe that the world's diminishing gold supply has been the major cause of the fall in prices, he warns that the danger of a world scarcity of gold is hanging over us, and that we should begin to think seriously of possible remedies. One would be to discourage the use of gold in industry and the arts (especially in what are known as the "luxury trades") by imposing a tax on such use.

In conclusion, Mr. Todd takes a swing at the idea (now being widely debated in England) that the gold standard should be abandoned entirely. The results, he says, would be disastrous—"not only suicidal to ourselves but entirely against the whole modern ideal of international coöperation."

FRANK A. FALL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Spotlight on Sports

▶▶*Eighteen-Hole Lottery*

AS THESE lines are read the British Amateur golf championship field will be tuning up at Westward Ho, a typical seaside links sprawling along Devon's jagged coast. There are a dozen American entries at Royal North Devon, but George Voigt is the only top flighter among them. In view of the numerical odds, his chance of winning this glorified lottery seems remote.

Why lottery? Because the British Amateur championship calls for two eighteen-hole matches per day over a full week, the final alone being at thirty-six holes. There is no medal qualifying test. Contestants begin chewing each other's manes at match play right off the reel.

Class doesn't have a fair chance to tell at eighteen holes. A slow start is usually fatal—the laggard is apt to "run out of holes" before he can catch his alert adversary. Luck seldom evens up over the short route. A few fluky breaks may beat the better shot maker.

Inequalities in the draw also contribute to the haphazard, helter-skelter character of the British Amateur. While the headliners are staging a dog fight in one sector of the draw, a second rater may slip through a sequence of easy brackets to a place in the finals. That happened the last time the championship was played at Westward Ho.

The trick in winning this lottery is to underscore each of your eight opponents. It is conceivable that you could do this without once playing par golf. A run of eighties has been known to bag the cup. On the other hand, your red-hot seventy-three might be trumped by a rank outsider's seventy-two. Third raters sometimes go crazy for one round. That's what I mean by a glorified lottery.

There's no denying that these eighteen-hole matches are stimulating to watch and read about. They breed suspense; accentuate the importance of each stroke; give the underdog a genuine chance. They are plain hell on the nerves. There's no chance to loaf or coast or enjoy a breather. Every tiger feels that a rabbit of the links may bite him.

Granting that the system of conducting the British championship is dramatic, it is not calculated to determine the relative ability of the contenders. Still, as Cyril Tolley says, "a golf course has only eighteen holes. A match should end when those holes are exhausted. If thirty-six holes is fairer than eighteen, why not double that distance and make it seventy-two?"

A fundamental difference in national psychology is reflected in the dissimilar methods of conducting the British and American championships. They regard their amateur tournament as a sporting adventure. We look upon ours as a cold-blooded scientific test to determine the best golfer. I might add that Voigt, unlike Bobby Jones, is partial to eighteen-hole matches.

▶▶*Pheidippides in Port Chester*

EVERY MAN TO HIS TASTE, which explains why Marathon runners get that way. Call 'em "nuts" or wild-eyed "bugs," if you will, these Marathoners have at least hit upon an inexpensive way of having what they call a good time. They seem to thrive on the pavement pounding. I use that phrase advisedly for most of the Marathon races in this country are run over city streets, concrete roads or metaled turnpikes. It's the poor man's game—no equipment but your underclothes needed!

Raw youngsters have won Marathons but this business of dogtrotting 26 miles 385 yards is primarily a sport for the middleaged. Clarence De Mar, Whitey Michaelson, Jimmy Hennigan and most of the other headliners are veterans, graying at the temples. Dr. Osler was not a Marathon fan. Rawhide endurance of this type seems to develop after forty.

Bricklayers, plumbers, machinists, typesetters and other artisans go in for Marathoning. As Bill Kennedy, fifty-six-year-old president of the Port Chester Marathon Association, said—"You can appreciate that a bricklayer gets restless standing in one place all day."

Kennedy has been running Marathons since Johnny Hayes, Bloomingdale ribbon clerk, popularized the grind by beating Dorando back in 1908. Bill doesn't win these days, but he always finishes.

Kennedy proposed the recently adopted resolution condemning the practice of "the hand holding finish." It seems that chummy competitors, who weren't anxious to beat each other, have been linking hands down the home stretch and breaking the tape in a Siamese twin waddle.

"Kin ye bate it!" growled Kennedy with fine Celtic scorn. "Them byes holding hands like park bench spooners, and they call thimselves Marathon runners! Shades of old Pat Pheidippides! If his name wasn't Pat it should have been. Nobody but an Irishman would be fool enough to run his heart out for nothing but glory!

"Marathoning isn't tough on the heart or the wind if you're hardened to it. It's your stomach and feet that take the bateing. A Marathoner is only as good as his digestion. I smoke cigars before a race, but I'm careful what I put in my stomach."

▶▶*Davis Cup Possibilities*

LIKE the little girl with the curl, our youthful Davis Cup candidates lack consistency. George Lott, Sidney Wood, Frank Shields, John Van Ryn and Wilmer Allison are either very, very good or just downright "horrid."

Still, we must make the best of their erratic virtues, for Tilden is now eating at Jack Curley's instead of the U. S. L. T. A.'s expense, Hunter has retired, and Johnny Doeg (had you forgotten that he is champion?) seems disposed to work instead of play. Lott had threatened to find a job for himself this summer, but when cornered by reporters on the boat deck of a Paris-bound steamer he sheepishly confessed that he meant next year. Apparently the life of a "tennis bum" has its compensations.

Just when the experts had dismissed Van Ryn as a Davis Cup "probable" he up and won the spring elimination trials. This was a bit inconsiderate of the chap who had been classed as a morning glory. During the last two years Van Ryn's form in singles appeared to be on the wane. Few anticipated his spring renaissance.

Faulty footwork has kept Van Ryn

(Please Turn to Page 85)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ Moonshining Becomes Respectable ◀◀

By
CHARLES MORROW WILSON

WITH the reader's pardon, we shall begin this article with a brief exposition of the circuitous fortunes of the Bullteeter boys. Noah and Sody were born and raised up on a prong of Plue Creek, far back in the Arkansas hills, scions of a good family of charitable and self-sufficient first settlers. Countryside opinion was that Noah was a promising lad, thrifty, hard-working and due to go a long ways. Sody, on the other hand, was the kindly, happy-go-lucky sort with a strong leaning for day-dreaming and sitting down. When Noah went away to study at an agricultural college, Sody got a job as clerk in Mullinixes' store. Three years later Noah came home with two suitcases full of books, a sheepskin diploma and debts totalling $900, and Sody got "fired" for being too lax with his credit.

Noah took over the old homestead, reckoning to upbuild it through the miracles of modern agriculture. Sody undertook to sell lightning rods and in the course of six months disposed of one set to the countryside Greek scholar, who was unable to pay. Noah planted out forty acres of fancy apples and lost half of them the first summer in a relentless drought.

Sody took to peddling Doctor Clugstone's indispensable pills, bluing waters and household soaps. The farm wives were kindly, but, besides being prevailingly moneyless, they were accustomed to wash their clothes in spring water, made their own soap, and regarded pills as a decided luxury.

Noah replanted the apple orchard with peach trees, after reading two scholarly volumes on "The Profits from Peaches" and took a fling at twenty acres of modern-method strawberries. Sody in turn tried selling tombstones, cotton hosiery, Mystic Magix can openers and Puree's Prepared Hog Tonic—with a deadening sameness of results. At the end of a dismal year he gave up and with the assistance of a professional seer with second vision and a craving for down payments in cash, projected a series of systematic searches for buried treasure. The nearest he ever came to finding one took the form of a gas seep sufficient to support a fire for three days.

Meanwhile, Noah had kept with his books and the ways of scientific agriculture. The surviving apple trees yielded almost enough to pay for the sprays and costly cultivation. The strawberries produced splendidly, but in the hill country markets are poor, distances great and roads not good for trucking. Three successive crops left his balance sheet slightly in the red.

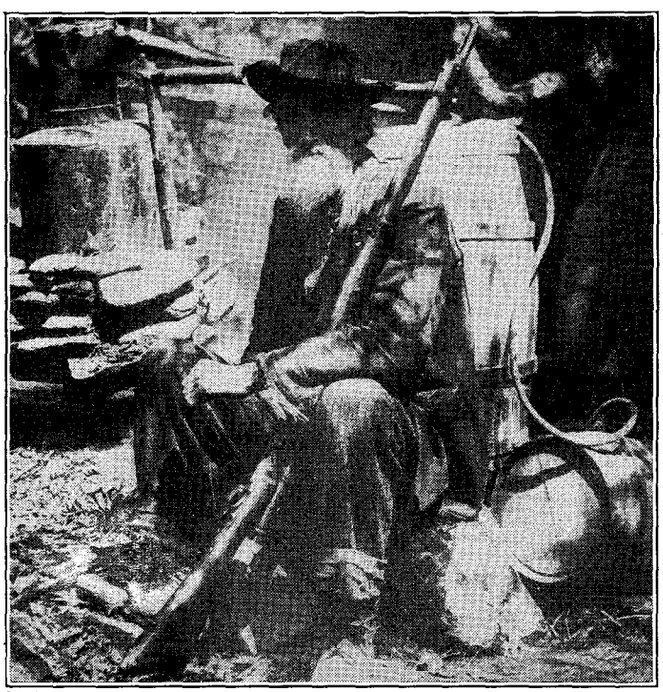
Thereupon Noah concentrated upon modern practices in dairying and for four successive years broke even. Then one day his herd invaded a field of frosted sorghum cane and seven of the finest cows fell casualties. But Noah stayed with his progressive principles and revelled in the companionship of books, while his prime years faded and the fertility of his land diminished. Sody opened a cross-roads store and after eighteen skimping months took the bankruptcy law.

Then one day the Bullteeter brothers fell to comparing notes. Both were gray about the temples; both had worked out their best years. And they were moneyless and come upon with premonitions of old age. So Noah and Sody turned partners and joined in a mutual enterprise—moonshining. During the subsequent four years they have prospered in a modest and wholesome sort of way, battled off the wolves of starvation, which are, back in the hill country, astonishingly real, paid off their mortgages and put by a few well-earned dollars.

Indeed, the Bullteeter boys have come to be typical members of the new aristocracy of moonshiners. They look upon their trade as one of skill and tradition and take paternal pride in the fact that up to date they have made more than three thousand gallons of good liquor and nary a swallow of bad. They double-distill and permit a given setting of mash to make only as much liquor as it can make well. The returns are adequate, if not generous. Noah estimates that the present production cost of a gallon of double-distilled corn liquor is about $1.75 and the average market price is $4, which provides fair compensation for the risk and hard labor. Profits from moonshining are no longer exorbitant. They make mis-sets sometimes, but they never market the products therefrom.

The Bullteeter boys are no manner of bootleggers. They have built up a reputation for quality liquor and the trade comes to their door and they sell their wares only to responsible patrons. Withal they pay their taxes, work the roads, help with the upkeep of the community school and withal live as upright and neighborly citizens. All of which is typical of the new race of backwoods moonshiners, an overwhelming majority of whom are good and kindly people who, in matters aside from liquor-making, keep traditionally to the side of law and order.

Moonshining has come to hold a peculiar economic vantage in many parts of backwoods America, particularly in the southern hill country where it is fast becoming one of the soundest of farm industries—for, agriculturally speaking, these are sections of increasing poverty. Their farm markets are always glutted, sales centers are far away, timber resources are soon exhausted, hillside fields are quick to lose their fertility and with it all almost ninety per cent of the population is set to farms. Therefore, good folk in the hills are turning moonshiners, and intelligent townsmen and country people alike are coming to recognize the necessity of the transition, its causes and elemental soundness. So the moonshiner is tolerated. More than that, he is being accepted at his just worth, socially as well as professionally. The trade enjoys increasing openness. The era of whispering is drawing to a close.



Keystone

Mountaineer moonshiner guarding his still

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▸▸ Wealth Rises to the Top ◂◂

An Analysis of Big Incomes Since 1921

By HAROLD BRAYMAN

•

The fact that one-hundredth of the total number of income tax payers account for one-fourth of the total reported income is cited by Senator Norris and others as evidence of an alarming concentration of wealth, especially since the proportion of the total income reported by this group has nearly doubled in a decade. This article is an impartial attempt to analyze the income tax phenomena which give rise to the discussion of larger levies upon the higher brackets of income tax payers.

•

THE lights in a new skyscraper twinkle in the New York skyline at dusk, and somewhere, the following March, a contractor identified with its construction sits down and makes out the income tax blank which places him in the millionaire class.

A new tooth paste, patent medicine, or shaving cream "catches on" and somewhere else a man learns what it is like to be rich. A corner grocer establishes a new store, and another, and another, until he has a chain and becomes a magnate with secretaries, an imposing office, and a lawyer to report his income to the government. Speculations, Incorporated, spurts upward at a dizzy rate on the stock market, and a man who earned his first dollar selling newspapers buys a sixteen-cylinder motor car, a yacht, and takes a penthouse on Park Avenue.

All these, and many others, swell the millionaire class at such a rapid rate that if one takes the arbitrary figure of $50,000 annual income—which represents the equivalent of $1,000,000 invested at five per cent.—as the dividing line of millionaires, their number increased from 11,069 in 1921 to 43,184 in 1928, and in 1929, with the huge stock market losses and the beginnings of the depression, dropped off only to 38,650.

A few weeks ago the newspapers told of 511 persons who paid taxes in 1928 on incomes of more than $1,000,000 a year, and of twenty-six who paid taxes on incomes over $5,000,000. These figures were taken from the annual statistics of income compiled and published by the Treasury Department. More recently, partial figures of a similar nature on 1929 incomes showed that despite the losses written off because of the deflated stock values, 504 persons had incomes of over $1,000,000—a decrease of only seven—and an actual increase to thirty-six among those who had incomes over $5,000,000.

This information was widely interpreted as showing the tremendous wealth of America. Nowhere else, it was pointed out, were the rich so numerous. Nowhere else do the one-time office boys so often become presidents of the companies; in no other country are the self-made men so frequent, or, they might have added, so proud of their own handiwork. The total income of the 4,000,000 taxpayers was shown to be over $25,000,000,000 in 1928 and only slightly less in 1929. This was hailed as proof that the economic sun still shines, that all's well with America, that even if we were undergoing a temporary depression at the moment the future could not be murky for a country so rich.

But very few of the newspaper accounts compared these figures with those of the past. They failed to mention the far more thought-provoking fact that there were more individuals in America as early as 1928 with incomes over $5,000,000 than there were in 1921 with incomes over $1,000,000. The huge incomes had their brief hour of attention, but there was scant contemplation of the steady and amazing tendency toward concentration of wealth in America in the last decade, which is difficult of denial after a comparison of the 1928 and 1929 statistics with those of the preceding years back to 1921.

There may have been mild interest among students of economics when they read that income in 1928 had increased ten per cent. over 1927, but there was no emphasis and no reflection upon the fact that of the $2,680,000,000 increase in the total income, over $2,000,000,000 was reported by the millionaire class—that top one per cent. of taxpayers whose incomes were over $50,000 a year. Between 1921 and 1928 the percentage of all reported income held by this top one per cent. had increased from 13.16 to 25.02. The ambitious young business man may have read with interest that to get among the upper five per cent. of income tax payers he had to have an income a little over $15,000. In 1921 to be relatively as high up in the scale his income need have been only between $6,000 and $7,000. The reader of the financial pages may have attributed it all to the bonanza year in the stock market. But unless he read a very comprehensively written account he was not told that only 46 per cent. of the income of those reporting more than $50,000 was derived from profits from the sale of real estate or securities.

Even the man who read his story thoughtfully and had a carefully written report before him probably did not realize that the twenty-six persons with incomes over $5,000,000 apiece in 1928 had one per cent. of the total reported income. Certainly he did not comprehend that to get one per cent. of the reported income in 1921 it would have been necessary to go down from the top to incomes under $250,000. Nor did he realize that to get one per cent. of the income from the lowest income brackets in 1928 it was necessary to include approximately the first 230,000 taxpayers.

The apparent tendency toward concentration of wealth is readily shown by the preparation of two tables of comparisons from figures taken from these

• • •

Is This Concentration of Wealth?

One per cent. of the total number of Federal income tax payers in 1929 paid nearly one-fourth of the total reported income. In 1921 the same group reported less than one-seventh, or 13.16 per cent. of the total. The progress of this phenomenon of the income tax between 1921 and 1929 is shown in the following table:

Pct of Taxpayers	Number in upper bracket	Group Income	Percentage of total income held by group
1921—1.00	(66,622)	$2,574,438,387	13.16
1922—1.08	(72,955)	3,384,468,001	15.87
1923—1.053	(80,813)	3,640,074,266	14.64
1924— .93	(68,592)	3,904,571,536	15.22
1925—1.042	(43,585)	4,318,823,712	19.72
1926—1.035	(42,705)	4,344,093,021	19.73
1927—1.148	(47,151)	4,968,347,561	22.05
1928—1.056	(43,184)	6,309,085,009	25.02
1929— .96	(38,650)	5,952,356,057	24.27

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

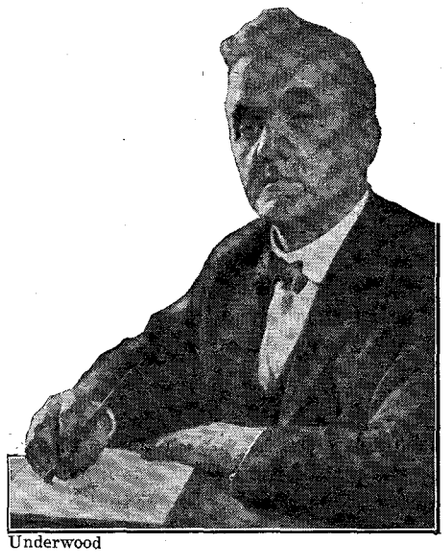
voluminous 400-page pamphlets published annually by the Treasury and labeled "Statistics of Income." A comparison of the numbers of people each year who paid taxes on incomes over $5,000,000, over $1,000,000, and over $100,000 shows a steady and astonishing increase which makes the America of 1921 look by comparison like a land of the middle classes.

Someone may check back, however, and believe that I am distorting the picture when he finds that there has also been a big increase since 1921 in the number of people who reported incomes over $5,000. Surely there can be no disastrous tendencies in a steady increase in incomes of $5,000, it may be argued. Indeed, the figures at first glance tend to confirm this supposition. There were 1,010,887 people who paid taxes on incomes over $5,000 in 1928 and only 525,606 who paid on the same amount in 1921, but to get the accurate perspective one must figure out the percentages of increase. One finds that in the eight years there was an increase of 92 per cent. in incomes over $5,000. When one jumps to the $100,000 class, he finds, however, that the percentage of increase is 597 per cent.; and when he goes to the million class the increase is 2,343 per cent.

Even more conclusive evidence of the general tendency is found in a comparison of the percentages of the total reported income held by the richest one per cent. of the taxpayers. Although this group included 66,622 people in 1921 and only 43,184, or two-thirds as many, in 1928, the proportion of income in the hands of that one per cent. has almost doubled during the eight years, and the actual amount in dollars has increased two and a half times.

Parenthetically it might be mentioned that to get one per cent. of the taxpayers in 1921 it was necessary to go below the $20,000 class. In 1928 the top one per cent. was filled by those having incomes over $50,000. However, on account of the fact that the government raised the exemptions during this period, there were six and a half million taxpayers in 1921 against four million in 1928. If some one insists that it is a fairer method to compare the percentage of income in the hands of those having over $50,000 a year, then 5.35 per cent. of the reported income was in the hands of this class in 1921 and 25.02 per cent. in 1928, almost five times as much in proportion to the total and more than six times as much in actual dollars.

In connection with this point, the figures in respect to the growth in total income and the proportion of growth coming to the upper one per cent. seem significant. In 1921, 6,660,000 taxpayers had a total income of $19,577,000,000. In 1928, with the larger exemptions, there were only 4,070,000 taxpayers, but they had a total income of $25,226,000,000. The increase was $5,649,000,000 in the last eight years. The top one per cent. had $2,574,000,000 income in 1921. In 1928 the same percentage, but 20,000 fewer people, had $6,309,000,000. The increase was $3,735,000,000. In other words, the top



Underwood

SENATOR GEORGE W. NORRIS

one per cent. of taxpayers obtained over three-fifths of the increase in all reported income.

In all fairness it should be explained that there are confusing elements in a study of the figures during the years from 1921 to 1928. The first of these is the change in exemption limits which occurred, reducing vastly the number of persons who reported in the brackets below $4,000. That occurred between 1924 and 1925. While it probably accounted in part for the jump between those years from 15.22 to 19.73 in the percentage of income in the hands of the top one per cent. of taxpayers it could not have accounted for the general, if slower, tendency to rise in the other years, or for the increase from 1924 to 1925 from 75 to 207 in the number of people who paid taxes on incomes over $1,000,000.

Then, too, there is the effect of the bull market in stocks during 1927 and 1928. I do not see how it makes much difference whether it is the advance in the price of stocks or by other means that the concentration of wealth is going on, so long as it does go on, for there will undoubtedly be bull markets in the future. But at any rate the Treasury statistics divide up the total incomes into the sources from which they are derived. This shows that those having incomes over $50,000 derived in 1928 $1,168,974,016, or 31 per cent. of their total income, from profits from the sale of real estate and securities. In 1927 with a growing bull market, they obtained 34 per cent. of their income in this manner, and in 1928, with the bull market in full bloom, they derived 46 per cent. of it from the same source. It is also shown by a little computation that of the total increase in income of the $50,000 classes and above from 1926 to 1927, 56.8 per cent. came from profits on the stock market and real estate. From 1927 to 1928 the percentage of increase traceable to the same source was 69 per cent.

The distribution of wealth has been a difficult problem for centuries and one which has been the basic cause of many political cataclysms. There is every indication that it is becoming more and more a fundamental consideration in American politics. England has had to consider it and has attempted to meet it by the imposition of higher income taxation in the upper brackets and the levying of more drastic inheritance taxes. There are a great many sincere students of American politics and economics who believe that the time is not far distant when we will be facing the same question. Unless there is an exceedingly rapid recovery by business—much more rapid than has occurred after other depressions—it is conceded that the Federal government will eventually have to face the dreary prospect of increased taxation. Already the probable Treasury deficit at the end of the present fiscal year on July 1 is estimated by Treasury officials at $700,000,000 to $1,000,000,000. The March income tax payments showed a drop of approximately $200,000,000 from those of last year.

The depression brought decreased incomes, and in addition to that, there was the writing off of stock market losses from income actually received. Many people who held stocks at the end of 1929 are supposed to have held on through the panicky days and sold eventually in 1930 in order to write off their losses, later repurchasing the same or other stocks. Both these factors contributed to the diminution in revenue from the income tax. But only one half of the 1930 payments are due before the close of this fiscal year so that there will be a marked decrease of government income persisting into the next fiscal year, no matter how amazingly business recovers in 1931. Not a few astute politicians attribute President Hoover's reluctance to spend money for drought relief and loans to veterans to a clear-sighted vision of the spectre of a tax

(Please Turn to Page 84)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Royal Intrigue in Roumania

Part VI—Deaths and Chaos Wreck the Regency

By KONRAD BERCOVICI

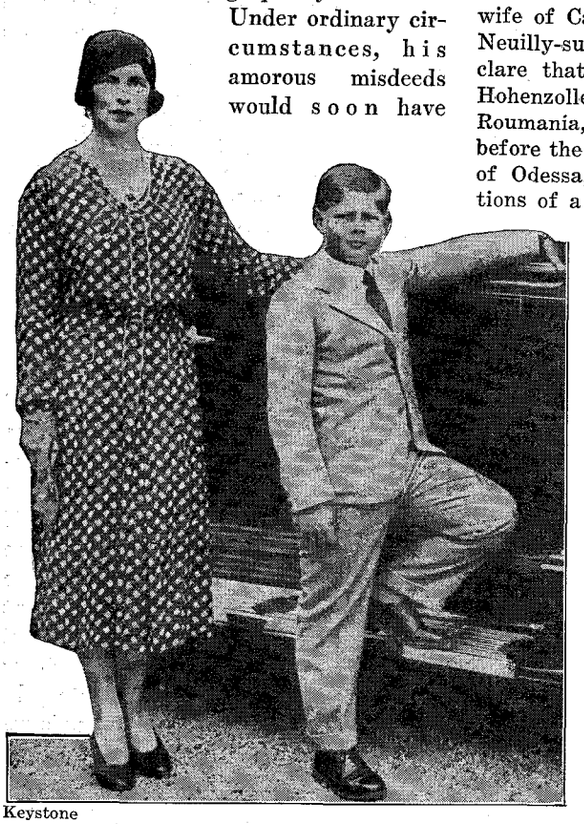
•

Queen Marie and her sympathizers used every artifice to prevent Roumania from calling Carol to the throne, as Mr. Bercovici tells in this installment. Jonel Bratianu died, with whisperings abroad that the causes of his death were not wholly natural. Vintila Bratianu's government collapsed, Maniu came in, but still bickering continued. Then Carol returned, and Mr. Bercovici in his next installment will describe the homecoming of the wayward son of Ferdinand.

•

THE conditions of the country were disastrous. Economically, it was on the brink of ruin. Railroad employees, the army, and all other government employees, had not been paid for months. The universities were no longer functioning as schools of learning. They were the hotbeds of sedition and the centers from which every disturbance emanated. There were several pogroms against Jews. In addition to that, the political unrest grew. Prince Shtirbey's name began to be openly mentioned. His deeds were spoken of frankly. While the Peasant Party organized itself the opposition papers unveiled more and more of the rascality and thievery of the Bratianus. Queen Marie's name was being linked with their shady affairs. A party of young men, statesmen in embryo, organized secretly with the avowed aim of bringing Carol back to the throne. The number of Carolists grew. They were in every branch of the government, including the Foreign Office.

Neglecting her other troubles, Queen Marie centered all her energy on preventing her son's return. He had to be kept away from Roumania at all costs. Her long arm reached him very soon. He had been living quietly in Paris. Under ordinary circumstances, his amorous misdeeds would soon have been forgotten by the Roumanians and by the rest of the world. But Marie did not want the world to forget that he was unfit to be a king; that he was a Lothario.



Keystone

RULERS OF ROUMANIA
Michael, when King, and his mother, Princess Helen of Greece

And so one day Madame Lambrino came to Paris to call Prince Carol of Hohenzollern before the Tribunal of the Seine:

I, Jeanne Marie Valentine Lambrino, wife of Carol of Hohenzollern, living at Neuilly-sur-Seine, 6 rue Borghese, declare that I was married to Carol of Hohenzollern, the then Prince heir of Roumania, on the 31st of August, 1918, before the priest of the Orthodox Church of Odessa, who also fulfilled the functions of a civil officer.

A male child called Mircea was born to us on the 8th of January, 1920. This marriage was annulled for dynastic reasons without either the wife or the husband having been consulted. To compensate me for the damages I have suffered, the family of my husband agreed to pay me an income of one hundred and ten thousand francs a year, supposedly the income of the capital deposited for me at the Banque Generale de Roumanie. I, Jeanne Marie Valentine Lambrino, Madame de Hohenzollern, resigned myself to that situation in the interest of the Roumanian dynasty and also resigned myself to the fact that my husband was married a second time to assure the heredity of the throne.

This second marriage, I was told, was contracted purely as a matter of form, a statement which I can prove by letters from Carol of Hohenzollern, and by letters from people in Roumania whose authority has never been questioned and is incontestable.

I have allowed this humiliating condition to be imposed upon me because I was told that such an action would demonstrate my patriotism, and was in the interest of the country.

But on the 4th of January, 1926, Carol of Hohenzollern definitely announced his renunciation of the throne. This renunciation was also an official renunciation of his marriage to Princess Helen of Greece.

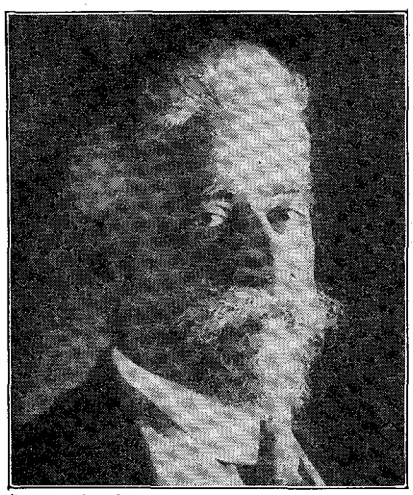
However, instead of coming back to Neuilly, to live with me and with our son, Carol of Hohenzollern, exiled from Roumania where he has lost all his rights and prerogatives, has come to live in Paris. Taking into consideration that the special situation that had mitigated against the marriage between myself and Carol of Hohenzollern had disappeared when he renounced the throne of Roumania, I demand that he be forced to compensate me for the damages which he has caused me and that he should be made to assure an income, in the measure of his means, for his wife and his child. Such damages are not less than ten million francs.

Prince Carol was asked to appear before the Tribunal of the Seine to answer why he should not be condemned to pay the damages which Madame Lambrino asked. Had Carol still been officially heir to the throne, Madame Lambrino could not have sued him in France, but he had publicly and officially renounced his right to the throne; he was therefore only a private resident of Paris and as such he was amenable to French law. The newspapers of the whole world were immediately informed of what happened. Very few realized the intrigue behind this action, realized that they were dancing to the tune of the most astute political bagpiper of Europe.

It must be remembered that until then Mme. Lambrino had been refused passports whenever she wanted to leave her country, and had been kept virtually a prisoner in Roumania. But suddenly she was let loose. Four days after she had arrived in Paris she had instituted suit against her former husband, pretending, of course, that it was all done in order to legalize the name of her son Mircea whom she wanted to place in a school in Paris.

"Under what name shall I place this poor child in school?" she cried to re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



International

JONEL BRATIANU

A power behind the throne, whose death was described as mysterious

International

VINTILA BRATIANU

Jonel's brother, whose rule collapsed. Their father imported the Hohenzollerns

porters. "He is not illegitimate. He has a right to his father's name. There are no laws authorizing morganatic marriages of princes in Roumania. I am, or I was, his legal wife, and the child's legality has to be cleared."

Carol answered Madame Lambrino's action with the reminder to his mother and her friends that if he had to appear in court to defend himself, the affairs of certain oil wells for which concessions had been given to certain English firms and the exact rôle played by England in this affair would have to come to the fore. Suddenly the Parisian papers began to talk about these oil wells. What had happened at the transactions about those wells?

No one knows what financial scandals would have been unsealed had the trial of Madame Lambrino been pressed more vigorously against the former heir of Roumania! He had made up his mind to draw the veil aside from many questionable dealings which had until then remained mysteries. He would not have stopped at anything. Queen Marie knew him well enough not to dare him. She beat a hasty retreat.

A few months later the Lambrino case was fought half-heartedly before the French judges. Carol's wife was refused recognition. All damages were denied her. The legality of her son's name was not established. As a matter of fact, because of his "illegitimacy" the boy was denied permission to enter the Lycée Michelet, where only legitimate sons of good bourgeois are permitted on the seats of learning.

After the death of his father, angered by the fact that he had not been permitted to come to the funeral, Carol began to lend a more willing ear to those who advised him that the conditions were becoming ripe for his return to the throne. Instead of continuing to insist that he had renounced the throne of Roumania forever, Carol now began to tell newspapermen that he would return if the people called him. In an off-guard moment, he even said to the reporter of a French newspaper that party leaders had come to see him and asked him to reconsider the advisability of his return. Possibly he spoke off-guard, and it is also possible that he sent his words out as a trial balloon. He may be a gay Lothario, but Carol of Hohenzollern is nobody's fool; not even his mother's. He continued to meet secretly with those party leaders.

One of the party leaders, Manoilescu, was arrested at the border at the end of October, 1927. This arrest brewed a loud storm in Roumania, and the dynastic problem, which seemed to have been buried if not solved forever, arose to be one of the most important questions of the day. This Mr. Manoilescu, still young, one of Carol's old friends, had been Under-Secretary of State in the financial department of General Averescu, one of Carol's occasional supporters. Averescu has penned some of the bitterest words ever said about a soldier, yet on other occasions he had come to Carol's rescue and protested his rights.

Upon Manoilescu's arrest, Madame Lupescu was immediately suspected of having betrayed her lover, for it seemed to many that she was the only one who knew that Manoilescu was the bearer of letters from Carol to people of political influence in the country. But this suspicion against Madame Lupescu was soon allayed, for among the letters was also one from Madame Lupescu to her parents, in which she asked them to obey Manoilescu implicitly in everything he asked of them, and to act and speak only according to his instructions.

The Anti-Semites, of course, seized this as an occasion to spread a little more hatred against the Jews. The Bratianus pointed out that Carol intended to return with the help of the Jews and to rule the country with them, through them and for them.

Mr. Manoilescu was brought to court. The Bratianus sought to prove that he had intended to commit a crime against the dynasty and against the security of the state. The punishment for such crimes was death. The firing squad was ready. Meanwhile, in Paris, Carol let it be known that he had definitely parted from Madame Lupescu, that the former prince heir realized that he had not acted in the best interests of the country when he had gone away with her, and that he intended to mend his ways. The world was treated to the spectacle of Carol as a repentant sinner. When Manoilescu was caught, Carol resumed his life with the red-headed lady, ready to don the penitent's garb when necessary, not before. While the Manoilescu trial was going on, the Bratianu newspapers gossiped that Carol had offered them several propositions; that he was ready to agree never to make any effort to recoup his lost throne if they paid him immediately a certain amount of money. In other words, Carol was trying to blackmail them. The opposition papers, however, the Carolists, wrote that they had Carol's personal assurance that he would

Underwood

THEY COULD NOT MARRY

Princess Ileana and Count Alexander of Hochberg, whose engagement was banned

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never attempt to enter Roumania by force.

Carol answered that he had never intended to enter Roumania but when called by the people, yet he said some of the Bratianu emissaries had come to him and offered him considerable sums of money if he would promise never to listen again to those who tried to make him attempt to regain his throne. He had refused and had driven them out of his house. My own conclusions are that the money offer was not tempting enough and that Carol's assurances were not serious enough.

In Roumania, everybody had taken it for granted that the judges, minions of Bratianu, would make an example of Manoilescu. The young man was being tried according to military rules, under martial law. Professor Jorga and General Averescu came to the defense of the accused. Manoilescu defended himself well and pleaded with great fervor.

"My great crime is that I love my country too well, and love the father of a certain little blue-eyed boy. If the laws of my country demand that I pay with my life for this great love, I am ready."

The audience wept. The judges were afraid, if not impressed. Manoilescu was acquitted and set free. This acquittal sounded the twentieth doom of the Bratianu government and nullified in a measure most of the intrigues of Queen Marie. It also paved the way for Carol's eventual return, to serve as a regent until his son should reach his majority. Carol emphasized this point again and again. He would not snatch the throne from his son; he wanted only to be near the little King and advise him.

Shortly after the Manoilescu affair, Bratianu forbade the meeting of the congress of peasants at Alba Julia, the town in Transylvania where King Ferdinand had been crowned in 1922 after Transylvania had become Roumanian territory. The peasants threatened with an open revolt. They had scythes and sickles, but the Bratianus had artillery —machine guns. So the peasants were advised to return home peacefully.

Then suddenly came an even more dramatic event. Jonel Bratianu died mysteriously at the age of 63. He had been a powerfully built man and had preserved himself well. On November 21, 1926, he complained of pains in the throat. The doctor examined the patient and declared he suffered from a cold of no consequence. But the following day, Bratianu's throat swelled so that he had difficulty in breathing. A surgical operation was thought necessary and Professor Masta was called. Masta's hands trembled; the surgeon's knife fell out of his hands, and he cut his own finger. Professor Angelescu, then Minister of Public Instruction, being an experienced physician, replaced his colleague and continued the operation. A few hours later another operation was necessary. Pus formed continually. The swelling of the throat strangled and suffocated the patient. The infection could not be localized. It spread to the vocal cords. They were paralyzed. The physicians called to the bedside of the premier were so hysterical and excited that Bratianu,

This Week's Contributors

Harold Brayman is the Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* and a frequent contributor to the magazines.

T. R. Ybarra is a world traveler and a widely known newspaper correspondent. He served the New York *Times* for several years in Berlin, Paris and London. He speaks several languages fluently. Mr. Ybarra is also an author of books, his latest being a biography of Bolivar.

Konrad Bercovici thus far has escaped the violence threatened when it became known that he was writing the serial now appearing in Outlook. But he was assaulted in Central Park in New York several months ago, presumably because of his plans to write some of the inner facts of Roumanian politics.

who was suffering terrible agonies, scribbled upon a piece of paper:

"Don't be so hysterical. Do your work calmly."

Towards the evening of the same day another operation was found to be absolutely necessary. On Wednesday, the 23rd, Jonel Bratianu was breathing artificially. Before seven o'clock that evening he was dead.

The death of Jonel Bratianu threw the country into paroxysms of fear and despair. Those who had been present at the operation performed by Professor Angelescu wondered why the hands of Professor Masta, one of the most famous surgeons, had trembled. Did they tremble because of the political importance of his patient? Such minor operations were performed daily by the average country physician. Why had Masta, the great surgeon, failed? Those who had been at the bedside of the premier affirmed that Professor Angelescu, a celebrated surgeon also, but who had not practiced medicine for years since he had devoted himself to active politics, had neglected to take any antiseptic precautions while he performed the operation upon Jonel Bratianu; that he had not even washed his hands with disinfectants. Was it carelessness?

"That Bratianu was murdered, there is no doubt. If we could but find out which party murdered him we would at least know how to orient ourselves," a Roumanian politician said to me a day after Bratianu's death. There was no question of punishing the murderer. That simple thing was known to be beyond the power of any one, no matter which party was responsible for it.

Many Roumanians had expected Bratianu to declare Roumania a republic with himself as Premier for life. He had the power to do it. No one would have opposed him. The whole country was sick and tired of the royal house. What had prevented Bratianu from carrying out these plans was a sentimental attachment to the memory of the work of his father. It should be remembered that it was Jon Bratianu, father of Jonel, who had brought Carol the First to Roumania. Jonel Bratianu was loath to have people say that what the father had done the son had undone. It should be remembered that Jon Bratianu had been canonized as a sort of Roumanian saint and had been made to appear as the father of his country.

The Queen and all the royal palace had for a long time banked on this sentimentality of the ruthless Jonel. They had not taken his threats very seriously to begin with, but as he repeated them oftener, and oftener, they must have come to the conclusion that the day was not far off when the Prime Minister would permit his mind to talk louder than his heart.

As a matter of form, the opposition parties and the Peasant Party allowed Vintila Bratianu to take over the government and form a new cabinet with the same men who had served under his brother. Everybody knew Vintila Bratianu could not hold the power for any length of time. The opposition merely permitted this weak government to form itself in order not to give too great credence to the belief that has spread amongst the people that they had killed Bratianu in order to come into power. Now Roumanians definitely began to direct their eyes towards Paris. Carol's return became a matter of days and weeks. No one doubted that it would happen. Something had to be done. Carol or a republic. Conditions in Roumania were more serious than they had been heretofore. They were bad enough under Jonel Bratianu. They became worse under his vacillating brother. And suddenly the cry arose:

"We must obtain a loan from America."

Some spoke of a hundred million dollars and others said that two hun-

(Please Turn to Page 93)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When Women Shoppers Travel

By T. R. YBARRA

SOMEWHERE IN THE WEST INDIES.

I HAD become convinced that my fair cruise-mates, Miss Betty Avridge and Mrs. Hetty Typpickle, would react deliciously to the glamour of the Spanish Main. They had landed at San Juan, Porto Rico, still guarded by grim Morro Castle. They had roamed the streets of the old town, where one expects at every turn to meet the ghostly figure of Ponce de Leon, after darkness has veiled the American up-to-dateness of the surrounding buildings.

They had strolled about Caracas, Venezuela's capital, over which Spain ruled for two centuries and a half—Caracas, whither buccaneers twice came to sack and murder, where Simon Bolívar, the South American Liberator, was born. They had drunk in the delights of Curaçoa, that little Dutch West Indian Island, reproducing, amid the sun-splashed Caribbean, the gabled quaintness of Holland; recalling, with its toy forts and toy sea-walls, fiery old Peter Stuyvesant, who governed and battled hereabouts before he ever landed at the Battery as governor of New York's Dutch forerunner, New Amsterdam.

They had been stuffed with statistics by a lecturer, armed with a megaphone, on the Panama Canal steamboat, and had stood amid those ideal incentives to reverie: the ruins of Old Panama, all now left of the opulent Spanish city which Henry Morgan, the pirate, destroyed in his famous raid of two centuries and a half ago. All this they had seen with their bright young eyes and registered with their alert young minds.

"Ah!" thought I, "what vivid pictures they must have stored away! What an effect must have been made on these impressionable young ladies by the thought of those moonlit nights of romance along the Spanish Main of yesteryear; of buccaneers with heavy earrings and wicked cutlasses; of armored and whiskered Castilian cavaliers; of galleons, laden with treasure, clearing their decks for battle against covetous pirates; of South American patriots pitted against Spanish armies; of Christopher Columbus, Francis Drake, and Balboa, silent on his peak in Darien!

So I decided to waylay Miss Betty Avridge and Mrs. Hetty Typpickle, as they roamed the decks of our ship, for the purpose of garnering their fresh young impressions of their travels and recording them later in print.

"It takes women," said I to myself, "to appreciate! Only the soul of woman really thrills to romance and glamour and the soft witchery of the past!"

Having got that off my mind, I approached Miss Avridge, as she was flitting along the deck, from a bridge party to a cocktail party, and asked her:

"What did you think of San Juan?"

"The stuff displayed in the shops," she replied, "is altogether too American. You can get a few things that are different, but only a few. The prices—"

"Did you see Ponce de Leon's palace?"

"—are rather high. And the quality of the goods, considering the importance of the city, is only fair. As for the—"

"Did you like Caracas?"

"The shops there disappointed me. I had expected to find them stocked with all sorts of native specialties, but instead—"

"Did you visit the Caracas market? It has the reputation of being exceedingly picturesque."

"Who wants to buy eggs?" answered Miss Avridge. "Or yams? But I saw some good parrots there. They—"

"Looked like rainbows?"

"—cost three dollars. Or, rather, that is what the man wanted for them. I beat him down to two dollars. Don't you simply love to bargain? I can stand bargaining with the natives of these funny countries for hours. I—"

"Did you see the House of Bolívar?"

"No. Is it a souvenir shop? Sorry I missed it, if it is. I must have gone into ten of them at Caracas, and—"

"Excuse me," said I, "but I see Mrs. Typpickle over there and I have a message that I must deliver to her."

"Soulless!" I growled, as I hurried from Miss Betty Avridge in the direction of Mrs. Hetty Typpickle. "Callous! Unimpressionable!"

And, stopping Mrs. Typpickle, as she was flitting from a cocktail party to a bridge party, I inquired:

"What did you think of Curaçoa?"

"Perfectly amazing, how cheap the perfumes are in the shops. Real Paris perfumes, too! And I laid in a stock of simply lovely handkerchiefs, which only—"

"What did you think of the harbor?"

"It's a free harbor. The captain of our ship told me so. That's what makes the stuff in the shops so cheap. No import duties, you know. Did you see those

In the midst of history, the traveling shopper loves to bargain

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

simply darling baskets, in the third shop to the left, as you go from the pontoon-bridge toward the—"

"Did you get into the old Dutch fort?"

"Don't think so. But I may have, for all I know—so many of the shops have such funny names."

"What struck you most forcibly about the Panama Canal Zone?"

"No shops! I simply can't understand how the Americans could be so foolish as to take over a strip of land five miles wide on each side of their horrid old canal, and, after they had filled it up with bungalows and soldiers and lots of nice American married couples, not establish a single attractive-looking shop, with—"

"Marvelous piece of engineering, the Canal, isn't it?"

"—bargain days every Monday. I could hardly wait to get out of the Zone and away from the horrid Canal and into Panama City, where the main street is lined with all kinds of nice shops. Aren't those Indians wonderful?"

"You mean the San Blas Indians?"

"The *what?*"

"The Indians who live in the San Blas district, and have never allowed themselves to be touched by civilization, and have never been conquered by white men, and who—"

"Heavens, no! I didn't see any of them. I mean the East Indians who keep shops on the main street of Panama. They have such a good line of stuff—rugs and shawls and hats and every kind of trinket you could want for taking home. And, believe me, they're good at bargaining—better than I am—which is saying a lot! Why, after I'd been in the shop of one of them for three solid—"

She must have thought that I had become afflicted with a sudden touch of acute seasickness, for I put my hand to my head and staggered away from her in retreat.

For the rest of the trip I developed acute unsociability and spent much of my time alone in remote parts of the ship. I began to be pointed out as the ship's grouch. More charitable people inclined to the belief that I was the victim of an unfortunate love affair.

I developed a line of sarcasm. When ladies asked me what impression had been made on me by this or that Caribbean port I would begin to talk pointedly about the shops and prevailing prices of merchandise at that port. And when one lady informed me that, while she was in Caracas, she had visited the capitol, I remarked acidly:

"I am astonished!"

"Why?" she asked.

"Because," I replied—still more acidly—"the capitol at Caracas is not for sale!"

Whereupon she walked haughtily in one direction and I gloomily in another, and presently I found myself involved in one of the soliloquies which had become a habit with me, ending up, as most of them did, with these words—uttered with a cynical toss of the head:

"They call it travel, but they mean shopping!"

Wealth Rises to the Top

(Continued from Page 79)

increase threatening the country before the 1932 election.

If the time comes that a tax increase is necessary there is certain to be a strong demand that the burden of it be placed upon large incomes and the inheritors of large fortunes. Even in the last few months there have been heard in Congress several demands for the expenditure of large sums of money which it was suggested might be obtained by raising the income tax rates in the higher brackets. Senator George W. Norris and many of his followers are inclined to take the attitude that it would be beneficial to increase the taxes upon the very rich under any circumstances, and if more money is not needed to reduce them upon the poorer classes.

EXPRESSING an opinion upon the tendencies shown in the accompanying tables, Senator Norris said:

"These tables are most remarkable in that they show a condition that is exceedingly dangerous even to the stability of our government. The same thing is illustrated in the condition prevailing during this depression when we have a few people who are exceedingly prosperous—having more money than they know what to do with—while millions are just avoiding starvation. If the increase in the concentration of wealth continues, it means that a comparatively few people will eventually control the wealth of the country. Of course, such a condition cannot continue. The people will not submit to it."

Senator Norris believes that, regardless of the government's need for more revenue, further tendencies toward the concentration of wealth must be halted as a matter of public policy. To accomplish this he suggested such increases in the income tax rates as to prevent the rapid building up of huge fortunes by annual accretions running into the millions, and sufficiently drastic inheritance taxes as to break down the larger fortunes at the end of the possessor's lifetime. When fortunes go up in the neighborhood of $200,000,000 he believes that the government should take the major part by inheritance tax, without, of course, taking so much as to prevent the descendants from enjoying the full degree of luxury to which they were brought up. His point is that no person can possibly spend any such sum as $5,000,000 a year upon himself or his family, and hence has no real use for it.

More conservative public officials take a different attitude. Although reluctant to enter a discussion of the subject some of them hold that the accompanying tables do not show conclusively that there is a general and steady tendency toward concentration of wealth. It is their argument that the increase in percentages of income held by the top one per cent. of taxpayers was only from 13 to 15 during the four years from 1921 to 1924, that the jump from 1924 to 1925 was directly traceable to the fewer numbers of small taxpayers, and that the increase from 19.73 per cent. in 1926 to 25.02 per cent. in 1928 was due to the stock market.

Their expectation is that when the 1930 tabulations are made and the deflation of stocks and land values is completed, the incomes in the upper regions will have been so reduced as to bring the percentage back down to the vicinity of 19 again. Those with large incomes, it is argued, have been more seriously hit in proportion by the depression than anyone else except those who are out of employment and have no income or almost none. The latter's loss will not show in the income tax figures except in a decreased number of returns, but the diminished profits of the rich will be readily apparent.

This theory finds scant substantiation in the preliminary 1929 figures. Those with incomes over $50,000 had 25.02 per cent. of the total income in 1928, and in 1929 it dropped off only to 24.27 per cent. There was, however, a substantial decrease of 5,534 in the numbers of those having incomes of $50,000 or more, but practically no decrease in those having incomes of over $1,000,000

• • •

The Growth of Big Incomes

	Over $5,000,000	*Over* $1,000,000	*Over* $100,000
1921	6*	21	2,352
1922	4	67	4,031
1923	4	74	4,182
1924	3	75	5,715
1925	7	207	9,560
1926	14	231	9,582
1927	11	290	11,122
1928	26	511	15,977
1929	36	504	14,701

*** Classes grouped from $3,000,000 upwards by Treasury Department to avoid identifying individuals.**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and an increase of 38 per cent. in those in the $5,000,000 class.

In fact, if the exact top one per cent. of the taxpayers were taken for the two years (40,708 in 1928 and 40,347 in 1929) the 1929 group would show slightly the greater total in dollars despite a shrinkage of three quarters of a billion in the reported income of all taxpayers.

The theory of a corrective trend takes no account of what will happen when there is another period of rising stock values. Most financial experts think that stock prices have been at the bottom. When the new rise comes—whether it is one year or five years away—under th. theory it will again carry the incoı ı of the wealthy to new high levels in pı ,portion to the incomes of others. Nevertheless the publication of the 1930 tabulations, which are not due for almost a year, will probably throw new light on the magnitude of the trend.

The Spotlight on Sports

(Continued from Page 76)

from realizing his possibilities. Unlike Bill Johnston, he cannot master the knack of setting himself firmly for his ground strokes. Johnny hits too many shots on the run. He is usually off balance when his racket connects. This last-minute lunging accounts for Van Ryn's tendency to err on easy drives.

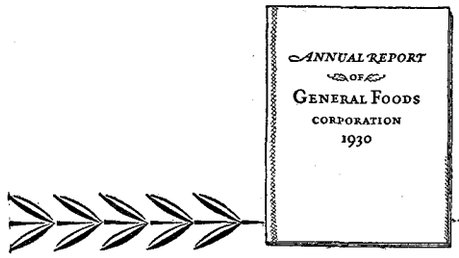
There are times when a tennis player must scramble for his returns, but Van Ryn hits shots on the run that he could get set for. Footwork and perfect balance are the foundation of the super-accurate game played by France's Davis Cup cracks. La Coste never runs unless he has to. His tactics are a study in the conservation of energy and the balanced application of power.

Only such a genius as John Cecil Parke or S. H. Smith could master the running drive consistently. These British sharpshooters, of an era now forgotten, could stroke the ball cleanly on the dead run and place it through the eye of a needle. You imitate them at your peril.

Sidney Smith, perhaps the deadliest of baseliners, parried the net assaults of Ward, Wright and Larned. Strange to say, Smith had an indifferent backhand. He used to run around drives to his left with incredible effectiveness. Finally, the wily Wright discovered that it was better policy to angle the ball to Smith's extreme forehand, thus playing to his strength instead of his weakness. It seems that Smith had hurt his right knee in Rugby. He couldn't start as quickly in that direction.

GEORGE TREVOR.

WHAT 1930 REVEALED ABOUT AMERICA'S LARGEST BUSINESS.. THE FOOD INDUSTRY



THE past year emphasized the stability of food manufacturing concerns. Taken by and large, the leading food companies maintained almost normal business.

General Foods, with 20 nationally advertised products, represents, in a measure, a cross-section of the package food business.

Many interesting facts about this company are brought to light in the General Foods year book, which is now being offered to the public. This book shows how a wide variety of products has helped stabilize sales. How research activities are producing new and improved products. How economies are being effected in manufacture and distribution.

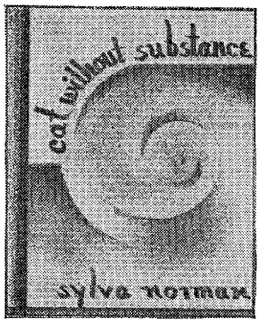
This is the kind of information the thoughtful investor likes to have. You may secure a copy of the General Foods year book free upon request.

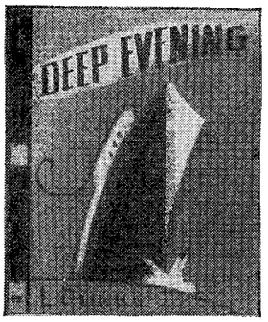
GENERAL FOODS

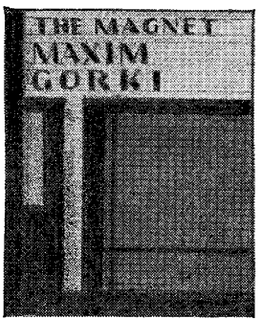
DEPARTMENT 4-G 250 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

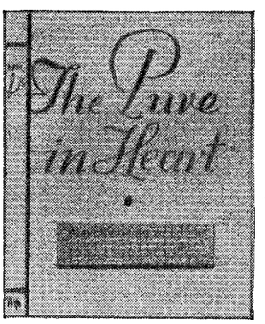
Maxwell House Coffee, Log Cabin Syrup, Jell-O, Certo, Post's Bran Flakes, Minute Tapioca, Postum, Hellmann's Mayonnaise Products, Walter Baker's Chocolate and Cocoa, Franklin Baker's Coconut, Calumet Baking Powder, Grape-Nuts, Sanka Coffee, Swans Down Cake Flour, Post Toasties, La France, Satina, Diamond Crystal Salt, Whole Bran.

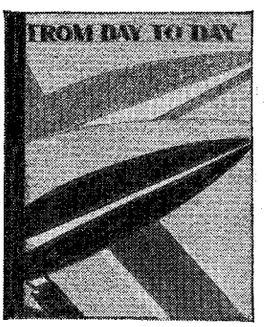
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED











The New Books

Some Spring Novels

"THE Pure in Heart" by Franz Werfel, translated from the German by Geoffrey Dunlap (Simon & Schuster, $3). This truthful, vivid novel, written with fervor and flexibility of style, is Werfel's finest work, so far, and is as readable as it is impressive. The theme is described by the publishers as "the dilemma of the spiritual man in our present-day, non-spiritual universe;" accurate enough but not very definite. Almost every writer of an autobiographical novel—and this one certainly smacks of autobiography—sees himself as a spiritual man and in conflict with the world. The scene of *The Pure in Heart* is Austria from about 1890 to today. We first meet Ferdinand R. in his late thirties when, a ship's doctor on a Mediterranean liner, he makes an important decision and, as he does so, sees his whole previous life unfold before his eyes. His first memory is of himself as a baby looking up into the face of Barbara, his peasant nurse. Barbara is the mother-image in Ferdinand's consciousness. At every crucial point in his life it is to her he turns for solace and reassurance and she never fails him. Ferdinand recalls his life as a little boy, the Colonel's son in a garrison town. He remembers the quarrel that separated his father and his mother, a frivolous girl of superior social station, and his mother's elopement. He remembers his father's death and imposing funeral. The wretched years that followed, at the home of a hateful aunt, at military school, where Ferdinand was meat for the bullies, and at the seminary from which he escaped, were a scarcely broken chain of cruelty relieved only by meetings with Barbara. The war in Ferdinand's memory is less a detailed picture than a series of episodes illustrating individual stupidities and brutalities and culminating in Ferdinand's rebellion against authority and his punishment. Barbara appears again in a hospital scene bringing new life to the wounded Ferdinand. There then follows the post-war years in Vienna, a hungry, degraded life, full of windy talk. Ferdinand, now almost apathetic, is scarcely more than a spectator. Politics, sex-freedom, religion, these subjects are tossed back and forth before him like balls, becoming more smudgy and less resilient with every throw and catch. Ferdinand tries to "cram on revolution," studying psychoanalysis and Karl Marx like a schoolboy. In conversation, justice and the social virtues triumph; in conduct, nothing breaks the monotony of folly and vice. Like Remarque in *The Road Back,* Werfel attempts to balance the hopelessness of the story he tells by a soothing finale. He has been dealing with two themes: man's inhumanity to man, and the ultimate triumph of the meek who shall inherit the earth, and the pure in heart who shall see God, and it is natural enough that a man writing in the Goethean tradition should prefer to close his work with a restatement of the second theme. The trouble is that biography does not serve for the exposition of a theme. The sturdy, living quality of the novel, which reaches very high points indeed in certain childhood and war scenes, runs out, at the end, into groping pathos. This is a noble book. The Book League has done well in selecting it for its members.

"THE Square Circle" by Denis Mackail (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). Kipling once said that the "three-decker" novel would never disappear, and, though it looked for awhile as though it had gone, it is back again and popular as ever. *The Square Circle* is a true "three-decker." It is a bunch-of-flowers-tied-with-one-string type of novel, the string being Tiverton Square, in London, about which the characters live. The action covers a year in the history of the Square families. There are old people, Lady Poley, haughty queen of the Square, Sir John Melhuish, harsh old Judge, who has loved and lost, a gossip, a *malade imaginaire,* Mr. Aronson, the Jew, and Sir Herbert Livewright, rivals for the affections of the lady with a past; younger people, Mr. Bristow, who sees his forties approaching, assorted fathers and mothers; youths and maidens, notably Nicolette and Martin, undergoing the tortures of unlucky love; and the very young, Esmé, the afterthought of the Allinsons, whose poetry was less successful than her prayers, Neil and his theatre, Pamela, not the sort of child her parents might have been expected to have, and they not quite the sort of people they might have been expected to be; a dozen others. They meet and part and meet again; they die and marry and are born and go away; just as they would do in life. Denis Mackail puts them into their houses around the Square, and gives them keys to the Square, and then just lets them go ahead and be. As commentator, he steps into his tale with frequent, and sometimes long-winded, remarks. He writes in the Dickensian tradition, but handles no melodramatic characters or situations, substitutes mild irony for humor and leaves pathos to

Most Discussed Books

Fiction

The Good Earth, by Pearl S. Buck: John Day. A simple and dignified story of a Chinese family and their devotion to the land. Reviewed March 18.

Flamenco, by Lady Eleanor Smith: Doubleday, Doran. A stormy and bloodcurdling tale of a gipsy child brought up in an English household. Reviewed April 8.

The Square Circle, by Denis Mackail: Houghton Mifflin. Reviewed in this issue.

Lively Lady, by Kenneth Roberts: Doubleday, Doran. Fine historical novel of the period of 1812. Reviewed May 13.

The Glass Key, by Dashiell Hammett: Knopf. Politicians, gangsters and racketeers in a fine, hardboiled detective story. Reviewed April 29.

Non-Fiction

My Experiences in the World War, by John J. Pershing: Stokes. At the front and behind the lines from the point of view of the American commander. Reviewed May 6.

Fatal Interview, by Edna St. Vincent Millay: Harper. This exquisite sonnet sequence is the best of all Miss Millay's distinguished work. Reviewed April 29.

More Boners, by Dr. Seuss and A. Abingdon: Viking. A weaker sequel to **Boners,** with more of the same.

John Mistletoe, by Christopher Morley: Doubleday, Doran. Reviewed in this issue.

Green Hell, by Julian Duguid: Century. A story of adventure in the Bolivian jungles more absorbing than most fiction. Reviewed April 22.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the reader's imagination. His characterizations are excellent, his dialogue satisfactory rather than striking. If his novel—of its kind—has a fault it is a thought too much disingenuous playfulness. It is highly entertaining and takes a fine long time to read. But your reviewer is not sure that it is rereadable—the final test of the three-decker.

F. L. R.

"THE MAGNET" by Maxim Gorki (Cape and Smith, $3). Following upon *Bystander,* Mr. Gorki has carried his bewildered, curiosity-ridden protagonist, Clim Samghin, through another phase of development, through another day's march in Russia's advance toward revolution. There are still moments when Clim "looked himself over as one does an illustrated book whose monotonous pictures displease the eye and whose captions fail to satisfy, awakening a sad feeling of bereavement." On the whole, however, his maturing has sharpened and pricked his egotism to action. Where before he resisted relationships, he now meets them, resentfully, half way. His world, the people who pass and repass him, seethe in the cauldron of Russia's upheaval. All are immersed in it, either to rationalize night long over ponies of vodka or to carry mad schemes into madder execution. The book, unwieldy, is surcharged with an impending change. It broods behind the haggard faces of its characters. It looms, threatening, through even their most intimate exchanges. It accumulates a rolling power so much more important than the sum of incidents that it all but quashes their dramatic value. Here and there a scene between Clim and the tortured girl whom he later marries will stand sharp limned upon your memory. Here and there the pyrotechnics of young intellectuals engaged in analysis or prophecy will hold you riveted to their talk. But in retrospect, and even while you are still reading it, Clim's fate, the fate of his friends, lovers and enemies, touch you no more than the antics of doomed insects seen through a microscope. Clim and the others are wrinkles on the face of a worn and mortally afflicted Russia. The true hero of Mr. Gorki's book, whether savior or destroyer, the spirit toward which he bends the grim power of his mind, is revolution.

"FROM DAY TO DAY" by Ferdynand Goetel (The Viking Press, $2.50). The past holds a lien on the future. Each experience, passed through the sieve of memory, leaves a residue, and this residue becomes an integral part of our life's essence. It determines us from day to day. To reflect this irrefutable truth through the story of one man, Mr. Goetel gives his book a hitherto untried form. The hero is a writer. In order to clear from his mind the mists of an unfinished personal drama, he undertakes to make a novel out of it; at the same time, he keeps a diary in which he comments on his struggles with the novel and on the emotional problems of his actual life. These two chronicles run contrapuntally through the book until the moment when the heritage of the past drama becomes the mainstay for the future, thus linking them together inseparably. In the novel, Tadeusz tells of his life as a prisoner of war on the Russian steppes. Exiled from his wife and the child whom he has never seen, he falls in love with a young girl on the farm where he has been put to work. After months of restraint, she comes to him one night and he takes her. The next morning he sets out to escape through the revolution, return to Poland, and divorce his wife in order to marry the girl who has cast herself upon his honor. In the diary, Tadeusz, who has been at home for several years, shows how, settling down with his family, he allowed the girl to fade to a dream. But this dream overshadows daily reality. Building it into a novel, he finds an excuse to detach himself from his ragged, restless marriage. In the end the novel creeps into the diary and becomes an actuality with the appearing of the child conceived on that one night in Russia. The book, thus rounded, is extraordinarily shapely. More important than the form, however, is its quality of spirit, trenchant, stirring, and alive.

"CAT Without Substance," by Sylva Norman (W. W. Norton, $2.50). "A grin without a cat" means, or appears to mean, in this first novel of Miss Norman's, a series of empty gestures. Each of the Anscombe children had a special grimace, a personality which, when faced with the abundant demand of life, became more tenuous, then died away. The upheaval which to some measure touched them all was the advent from Venice of fair Irish Leila, wife of an Italian ne'er-do-well, who interrupted a ménage, angered a bachelor, and turned a girl's tedium topsy turvy. After she had gone again, things never got back their pristine security. She herself, more willing to grapple life than the English family whom she had shaken, met only with failure, and her failure is the one actuality in the book. For the rest, Miss Norman takes you through devious analyses, through half-

YALE

Lenin: Red Dictator

By George Vernadsky

"Of these three books about Lenin appearing almost simultaneously, that by Mr. Vernadsky is far the most comprehensive and satisfactory."—*Outlook.* *Price* $3.00

One Hundred Red Days

A Personal Chronicle of the Bolshevik Revolution *By Edgar Sisson*

"Important for shedding more light upon a much misunderstood period of diplomacy."—*Public Ledger.* *Price* $5.00

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
NEW HAVEN · CONNECTICUT

Stuart Chase

THE NEMESIS OF AMERICAN BUSINESS

"An exceedingly adroit and alive summation of a humanist's economic position."—*N. Y. Post*

MACMILLAN ~ ~ $2.00

CURIOUS BOOKS

1. Unusual Reprints . . .
2. Unexpurgated Volumes
3. Private Presses . . . .
4. Curiosa and Esoterica
5. Limited Editions . . . .
6. Foreign Translations

Send for descriptive catalogues

PANURGE EDITIONS
98 FIFTH AVENUE..NEW YORK

The list of ten best-selling books printed on Page 86 is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

articulated relationships, through vanities and neuroses, painlessly. She has learned her manner from various insinuative styles, adopting thereby too tangled a technique. In her effort to show you how people may come away from experience empty-handed, she loses a certain concentration. She leaves you anxious, impressed, yet unappeased.

"DEEP EVENING," by Eugene Löhrke (Cape & Smith, $2.50). On the night of the costume ball, a de luxe transatlantic steamer, garnished with pseudo Watteau canvases, potted palms, and a regiment of menials, en route for New York, meets her chill fate against an iceberg. The impact reduces her sybaritic elegance, within an hour or so, to a groaning, water-logged hulk. From Able Seaman Morgan at his watch in the crow's nest to puffy, ailing Mr. Vierstein on his second-class bunk, every one aboard faces, for that brief span, his dreams, his purposes, and his ghost. Thurlow Barton, stockbroker, bachelor, bulbous product of old New York; Giuseppe Ziemssen, Swiss gigolo become waiter through hazards of war; Mrs. Gilpin, nerve-tortured, fading beauty of the world's drawingrooms; Major Wandrell, inarticulate, locked between the standards of an old soldier and a dim sensitivity—all of them are thrown, by the glare of fear, into high relief before themselves. All of them, save Giuseppe who plunges into panic, find that the sum of their lives adds up to futility, that the ultimate moment makes no difference, that somehow they were on the wrong track from the start. Thus Mr. Löhrke stringently admits what most of us know and would not dare to expose. Bitterness wells up from his compact, rather too obviously high-pitched story to sting you with its quota of irrefutable truth. V. P. R.

"AMERICAN EARTH" by Erskine Caldwell (Scribner's, $2.50). Here we have short stories and sketches by another pupil in the Hemingway branch of the Sherwood Anderson school. Hemingway is introducing a good many of them to Scribner's, which is decent of him and clever of Scribner's. The trouble is that most of them write alike, select the same subjects—American, close to the soil, close to the speakeasy—and try the same style. They deal with "things I saw," "things I heard," not with "things I thought." This is no defect since that is what they set out to do. But the Anderson school, strong, flourishing, nearly native though it is, is not the only school in American fiction, nor necessarily the finest. A good deal of the work in the Hemingway branch is becoming cut and dried. Originality is at a discount, predictability at a premium. Erskine Caldwell is one of the star pupils, we should say. His things are very short, striking and honest.

"STRANGE THOROUGHFARE" by Sonia Ruthèle Novák (Macmillan, $2.50). This is a long, chaotic novel, the story of a life which is not like a life but like a film, flickering and run off too fast, or like a jumbled, exhausting dream. The heroine, Esther O'Shane, who is the heart of the story, is a southern girl of dangerous blood, whose undisciplined childhood grows into undisciplined maturity, or such maturity as Esther can achieve. We meet her in her grandmother's home, and follow her to New York, Atlanta, England, Greenwich Village, dance studios, concert stages, bootleggers' apartments, hospitals. All talent, all emotion, all vague loftymindedness, without control, or sense or imagination, Esther progresses with equal turbulence through adventures too varied and constant for description, and finally dies as she completes the score of her symphony. In life, Esthers never finish their symphonies. The only false note in a true and thorough characterization is that finished score. The whole novel, however, is not as successful as the characterization. Written almost entirely in dialogue, it lacks the narrative basis which alone would have made so rapid and melodramatic a story clear. Madame Novák's talent, like her heroine's life, suffers from lack of discipline, and her novel is out of focus and gives the reader a sense of strong energies dissipated because uncontrolled. F. L. R.

New Biographies

"NOGUCHI" by Gustav Eckstein (Harpers, $5). When Hideyo Noguchi died of yellow fever just three years ago on the West Coast of Japan, he was truly a martyr of science, whose pioneering soldier he had been for all his mature life. His predecessor, Dr. Adrian Stokes, had met the same death. Noguchi, almost with his last breath, ordered that his body should be used for research work.

If it is permissible to speak of a born bacteriologist, Noguchi was almost that. From the time when a Japanese microscopist showed him a living disease germ on a slide, this gangling, poverty-stricken peasant boy, with an arm terribly burned, with no influence, gave his days and nights (he often worked all night three nights running in his later years) absorbing, one might almost say, bacteriology through his pores, until he became the most famous man of his day in his own line and contributed materially to human safety. Americans risked their lives in proving under Major Walter Reed that yellow fever came from one species of mosquito—and some of them did die. And in one year in Havana the deaths from yellow fever fell from three hundred to three! But it was Noguchi who isolated the parasite of yellow fever. His discoveries in the fields of paresis, syphilis, rabies and infantile paralysis were steps on the way to medical advance. He has been called a human dynamo. All but homeless and penniless in America, he attracted the attention of Dr. Weir Mitchell and Dr. Simon Flexner and found his full opportunity with the Rockefeller Institute.

A NEW WORLD
TO EXPLORE—
Australia

SOUTHWARD lies a new horizon for the traveler; beyond it, under the Southern Cross, you discover a great island-continent brimming with new interests.

And to break your journey along the way are other places you've always wanted to see—Hawaii, Tahiti, Samoa, Fiji, Rarotonga, New Zealand—before you steam into Sydney Harbor, the loveliest in the world.

On racing-days sporting Australia is at the tracks. Everywhere you find expansive beaches with gay multitudes thronging the warm surf or lazing on the sands. Sport is the keynote of Australian leisure—racing, surfing, shooting, game-fishing, golfing, or adventuring to corners of this scenic land with its endless curiosities.

ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

All the freedoms of life in Europe, and your own familiar language, make your stay in Australia troubleless and enjoyable—yet everything you see is new. Pick up the interesting illustrated booklets you will find at your travel or steamship office, or simply mail this coupon.

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL TRAVEL ASSOCIATION
827 ADAM GRANT BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
or GRAND BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON.

Name
Street
City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The story of his life and work is fully told in Dr. Eckstein's volume—almost too fully as regards the sordid, irresponsible, even dissolute, personal conduct of his early life. In time learned societies and the world's greatest scientists hailed him as the greatest of research workers.

The book is a worthy and welcome tribute. It suffers, however, from the author's constant use of the "historic present" and the excess of snapped-off sentences of a few short words. This style is efficient in making verbal pictures; but continuously carried on it becomes wearisome. One ventures to criticize also the constant mingling of the personal and scientific narrative—alternate chapters on each phase would certainly have helped the general reader to master the scientific part better.

R. D. T.

"GABRIEL the Archangel" by Federico Nardelli and Arthur Livingston (Harcourt, Brace & Co., $3.50). This biography of Gabriel D'Annunzio is badly over-written, but that fault is most appropriate to its subject. D'Annunzio is, both as an artist and as a man, a type usually unpleasing to non-Latins; and, to most of us, what is remembered about him is the beauty of Duse's face and voice in his play, *Gioconda*. Nardelli and Livingston do not evaluate or even discuss critically D'Annunzio's work, so that the biography does nothing to suggest to the uninformed the place which that work occupies in modern Italian literature. Politically, D'Annunzio has been a force in Italy, where his theatrical qualities endear him. There is a good deal about his political activity, especially since the beginning of the war, in this book; but more space is given to his numerous love affairs. To this reviewer D'Annunzio's life seems absurd and not a little pathetic—one melodramatic gesture after another, all well advertised. Readers who share the authors' interest in their hero will probably find the book satisfactory.

F. L. R.

Behind the Blurbs

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY'S *John Mistletoe*[1] and Jim Tully's *Blood on the Moon*[2] are both volumes of reminiscences. Beyond that they are about as different as any two books we have ever read. Tully is brutal, direct, undecorated; Morley is allusive, mellow, diffuse. If the mellowness sometimes becomes a little insipid, like that of any forced fruit, the brutality too becomes tiring. Both these gentlemen are a little too conscious of their special qualities, Morley of his charm, Tully of his virility. Not that their writing doesn't possess these qualities. Much of Morley's writing is very charming indeed. It is only when he becomes too conscious of it that it becomes either fine spun or pompous. Nevertheless you will thoroughly enjoy his recollections of Haverford and Oxford, of New York and Philadelphia, of books and newspapers and plays and their makers. But when you have read a few chapters of these, turn to Jim Tully and read for a corrective a little about saloons and jungles and jails. ♣ ♣ ♣ *Biology in Human Affairs* by Edward M. East is the Scientific Book Club May choice. ♣ ♣ ♣ A pleasing item printed by the Pauper Press is Mark Twain's short *Autobiography*[3], with a frontispiece by Herb Roth, and reproductions of ancient woodcuts of some of the author's ancestors, one of them dangling from a tree. Unlike that of most of his humorous contemporaries, Mark Twain's work is as funny today as it was when it was written. ♣ ♣ ♣ *Solange Stories*[4] contains five cases solved by Solange, the lady detective. These are fairly good stories, with a slight supernatural tinge. The rather pretentious foreword seems a little out of place. Considering, as the author does, that, as far as she is concerned, the field of the detective story is a small and humble one, it seems to us that she should have been able to labor in it to better advantage. She should not attempt to patronize an art that she practices only indifferently well. ♣ ♣ ♣ Mr. Podesta was standing on his doorstep, arguing with his daughter's suitor, when he gave a loud yell and fell dead. A small triangular wound was in his chest, but no stiletto was found. In the bushes was a bootlegger, in the front hall was his son, the sorehead Lory. Who slew him and how you will find if you read *The Three Cornered Wound*[5]. And very cleverly it was done, too, with the aid of Mr. Henry Ford.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. Doubleday, $2.50.
2. Coward McCann, $2.50.
3. Random House, $7.50. (Limited edition.)
4. By F. Tennyson Jesse: Macmillan, $1.75.
5. By George Dyer: Houghton Mifflin, $2.00.

OUTLOOK READERS SERVICE

120 EAST 16th STREET, NEW YORK

If your bookseller is unable to supply you with books mentioned in the Book Review pages of OUTLOOK, or in Frank A. Fall's weekly business column, or in any other part of the magazine, write to this service for information about purchasing the books. Your inquiries will be forwarded to the nearest bookstore.

Encouraged by $180

"I want you to rejoice with me. I have sold my first manuscript—a crime story—and the check is $180. It's the *real* thrill that comes once in a lifetime. All this I owe to N. I. A. training—and I consider myself a beginner of rawest type. I got back far more than the N. I. A. tuition fee in my *first sale.*" *Mrs. C. E. Scott, 660 N. Market St., Shawnee, Okla.*

How do you *know you can't* WRITE?

Have you ever tried?

Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come some time when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I *am* a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write.* Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on the New York Copy-Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. A group of men with 182 years of newspaper experience behind them are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style—undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it and which at the same time develops in you the power to make your feelings articulate.

Many people who *should* be writing become awe-struck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, fads, travels, sports, recipes, etc.,—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

How you start

We have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it, without obligation. Newspaper Institute of America, 1776 Broadway, New York.

Newspaper Institute of America
1776 Broadway, New York

Send me your free *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information on writing for profit as promised in OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT—May 20.

Mr. }
Mrs. } .....
Miss }

Address .....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.) 45E361

Why don't you write?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TAKE YOUR VACATION IN *EUROPE*

. . . IT NEED COST NO MORE!

Fun on the ROL-LICK-ING way to EUROPE

It's a fun factory—the rollicking, frolicking Tourist third cabin on IMM liners. Any kind of merriment made to order on a moment's notice! Peals of laughter a specialty. Not to mention a lively crowd, cosy accommodations and food that's simply grand! In 1930 the record number of 60,522 passengers traveled "IMM Tourist"!

$105 up

NO CLASS DISTINCTIONS on the Tourist third cabin liners de luxe, ***Pennland*** and ***Westernland.*** Their entire former cabin accommodations are devoted exclusively to Tourist. The only steamers of their kind in the world.

Also delightful Tourist third cabin accommodations on such famous liners as ***Majestic,*** world's largest ship, ***Olympic, Homeric, Belgenland*** and many others.

Several sailings each week to the principal ports of Europe and the British Isles.

Send for fascinating literature describing Tourist third cabin in detail.

30 Principal Offices in the U. S. and Canada. Main Office, No. 1 Broadway, New York. Authorized agents everywhere.

WHITE STAR • RED STAR
ATLANTIC TRANSPORT
International Mercantile Marine Lines

▶▶ The New Movies ◀◀

By CREIGHTON PEET

▶▶*"The Public Enemy"*

WILL HAYS tells us that when the present stock of gangster films has run through the projection machines, no more racketeer pictures will be made. I can not believe this. No matter how many women's clubs, clergymen and judges wag their heads over these terrible "crime" movies, Hollywood is not permanently going to abandon its most profitable scenario. The recent accounts of Chicago's sharp-shooting gentry have brought too much approval from the critics, the public, and the box office. Furthermore, *The Doorway to Hell, Little Caesar, The Secret Six, Quick Millions,* and now *The Public Enemy,* are too alive, too exciting and too important a part of the economic and political life of the American community to be suppressed, even to protect a few half-witted, imitative morons. As long as gangsters continue to rob our tradesmen and fill the streets with gunfire, gang movies will be inevitable. I believe it is important that we see these films. Perhaps if we see enough of them some of us will get up enough energy to do something about gang rule.

The Public Enemy, to get down to today's installment, differs from the usual film in that it implies that gunmen are born as well as made. The story begins back in 1909 with two neighborhood boys who steal cheap watches under the orders of a boss thief. From this they go on to bigger and deadlier things, achieving manhood by killing their first cop. Then prohibition arrives and they begin to come into big money. *The Public Enemy* is bloody, brutal, and may to some appear shocking. Nevertheless, in spite of a few sappy episodes, particularly those featuring Beryl Mercer as the gangster's m-o-t-h-e-r, it is good entertainment.

In some respects it resembles *The Secret Six,* many of its incidents being taken from newspaper accounts. One of the more fantastic stories reproduced is that of the gangster who is thrown by his horse during a ride in the park, and killed. To avenge his death the other members of the gang buy the unfortunate horse and put it on the spot just as though it were a human being.

The leading rôle is played by James Cagney, a young actor who does splendidly in his first important part. The film was directed by William Wellman, who made *Wings.*

Worth Seeing

Cimarron: Edna Ferber's exciting story of the "land rush" days in Oklahoma.
Connecticut Yankee: Will Rogers has a lot of fun at the expense of King Arthur's knights.
City Streets: Slick gangster yarn directed by Rouben Mamoulian, who did **Porgy** on the stage.
The Front Page: Explosive and hard-boiled drama in Chicago's city hall. Superlative entertainment.
The Secret Six: Wallace Beery as a thick-witted, heavy-fisted beer runner who gets to be mayor.
Skippy: Percy Crosby's little boy is charming and real, never cute or coy.
The Millionaire: George Arliss being pleasant in a naive little comedy.
Tabu: South Sea Islanders in a simple and touching story as recorded by the late F. W. Murnau.
Quick Millions: Lively demonstration of how racketeers make you, and you, and you, and you support them in luxury.

Not So Good

Born to Love: Constance Bennett's sufferings are still bringing gold to the box office.
Dirigible: Good air pictures, feeble story.
Indiscreet: Gloria Swanson, clothes and love problems.
Seed: A novel about birth control with birth control left out.

▶▶*In German*

Two new German singing films have been shown in the past few days, *Liebeswalzer* being the best. The story starts in Detroit, U. S. A., where "Bobby Fould," son of a prominent motor car manufacturer, is masquerading as a humble mechanic. As such he is engaged by the heir to a small German kingdom, and accompanies his master back home. The master is supposed to marry a beautiful princess at this point, but as he is more interested in hotel chambermaids, the young American gets into his uniform and has a lovely time with the princess. The dialogue abounds in American slang, but you won't get much if you don't know German.

Student Sein has better tunes but the story is punk and they sing too often for comfort.

▶▶*Other New Films*

It looks as though William Powell was being deliberately ruined with bad pictures preparatory to his transfer from Paramount to Warner. *Man of the World* and the new *Ladies' Man* are dull and machine-made and I, for one, wish to enter a protest.

Shipmates is Robert Montgomery's first starring picture, and shows him as a mechanic on a Navy oil tanker who works up in the ranks, goes to Annapolis and marries the Admiral's daughter. It has good pictures of life aboard a battleship and is, in fact, the best publicity yet turned out by the Navy department, alias Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

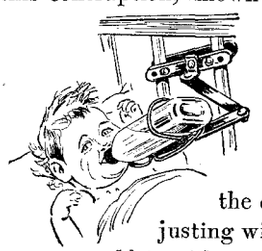
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ Ivory, Apes and Peacocks ◀◀

By W. R. BROOKS

ONE of the most recent products of prohibition is Pix-Up, a powder which is designed "to relieve alcoholic hangovers." We have questioned several members of the staff here with regard to this phrase, and though no one seems to have any definite first-hand information to give us, we have learned that the word "hangover" refers to the state induced in the human organism by a too free indulgence in alcoholic liquors or their substitutes. This state, we are further advised, manifests itself usually on awakening. Its symptoms are a sense of malaise and apprehension, accompanied by pains in the skull, thirst, nausea, and good resolutions, which latter pass off along with the other symptoms on the patient's recovery. Pix-Up is said to hasten the return to normalcy on these occasions. To be quite candid, however, we don't see what market there can be for such a product in a dry country such as ours, where alcoholic beverages are illegal and therefore practically *unobtainable*. Years ago, perhaps, when people had liquor in their homes, and to "shake up a cocktail," as the quaint old out-moded phrase ran, was a frequent preliminary to a meal, there may have been some demand for such things. But today, when you or we would consider it little short of a deadly insult to be offered a drink—to use that word in the sense in which it was alas all too frequently used, as meaning a drink of liquor—a sense which shows how widely the practice of "tanking up," as getting stewed was vulgarly and flippantly called, prevailed among all classes:—today, we repeat— But why should we repeat? We've forgotten what we were going to say by this time. Let's start a new paragraph.

▶▶ WE BELIEVE that the picture of this contraption, known as the Nursrite



Nursing Bottle Holder, explains itself. It is durably constructed, clamps to the side of the crib, and the adjusting wire will adapt itself to either a round or a flat bottle. It's always on the job, and the bottle is kept tipped so that the baby doesn't begin his meal with air. We should say that the child who can manage to break his bottle when it is clamped in this holder is a genius, or else he's old enough to sit up to the table and get beefsteak and fried potatoes.

▶▶ A NEW method of getting your picture taken of which we heartily approve is by means of the PhotoReflex. There is no attendant to arrange your hands or tell you to watch the birdie while the camera clicks. You sit alone in front of a mirror, and when you have arranged your own face in the expression that seems most appropriate and flattering, you press the button and take your own picture. The professional photographer, who is responsible for so many hangdog smirks, cast-iron smiles and self-conscious poses in the family album, is not there to trouble and madden you with his "Moisten the lips. Now turn the head just a *teeny weeny* bit to the left. Just a little smile, now—up with the corners of the mouth. Let the sunlight through. *That's* it—now quiet!" You do it all yourself. The first studio of this kind in New York has been installed in Wanamaker's. And the prices are reasonable.

▶▶ A COMBINATION hamper-bench for the bathroom, 21 by 14 by 18½ inches, is made of a woven wicker-like fibre, and comes in white, ecru or green. The seat on top resembles mother of pearl.

▶▶ WE HAVE seen some excellent flower pots—"Plantnurse" being name of same—which are made of peat moss and fertilizer. They hold the soil and the roots of young plants and fertilize them. When it comes time to set the plants in the ground outdoors, the surrounding fibrous pot is planted with them, thus sparing them the stress and strain of readjustment.

▶▶ ANOTHER similar item is a tinfoil-wrapped, squarish package of moss in which lilies of the valley are planted. If you want to, you can keep it in the ice box for sixty days without growth, then put in a room which has no sunshine and presently the green shoots will begin to poke through the tinfoil and you'll have flowers in three weeks. You don't even need to water it.

▶▶ A NEW type of radio is the Westinghouse "Columaire," which resembles in appearance a very modern grandfather's clock, being less than a foot square and five feet tall, with a clock, electrically operated, set in the top of the face. We have not heard it, but we understand that due to the five-foot column of air, which is utilized in a way that is beyond our comprehension, the reproduction is remarkably good. The dials are on the side.

▶▶ JOHN DAY has brought out "A Map of Children Everywhere" which, framed, makes a nice decoration for the nursery. It's a map of the world, showing the children of the various countries in their national get-up.

Save Laundry From Loss & Ink Marks with JOHN C. MURRAY M250

CASH'S NEW DUAL MARKING SYSTEM

Send your finest linens and clothing to the laundry with no fear of having them ruined with unsightly ink marks. CASH'S WOVEN NAMES mark everything with your full name AND your laundry symbol—neatly, economically.

J. & J. CASH, Inc., 27 1st St., South Norwalk, Conn., or 6456 South Gramercy Place, Los Angeles, Cal., or 311 Gray St., Belleville, Ont.

Before taking PIX-UP

After the Brawl is Over . . .

You may flout the "law" on the way home, but can you face breakfast and the morning mail with the same confidence later?

You can if you'll take PIX-UP, a new remedy, compounded to break up alcoholic hang-overs. It has no other excuse for existence.

PIX-UP is the prescription of a physician. It has been tested in actual practice.

The coupon is for your convenience.

After taking PIX-UP

An easy dollar to part with!

Wallace-Roberts, Inc.,
204 Pequot St., Canton, Mass.
I enclose $1 for one full-size bottle of PIX-UP

Name _____

Address _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Around Pacific CRUISE

luxurious adventure on the MALOLO

See old Asia and the Indies, modern Australia, romantic Fiji and Samoa, on this third Malolo cruise! By ricksha thread the streets of teeming cities, by motor penetrate jungles thick with orchids. One day visit a Sultan's palace; another, dine on plantains and breadfruit served by Javanese maidens. Luxuriously you tour 19 strange ports in 14 countries — enjoy everything for as little as $1,500! Sail Sept. 19 from San Francisco (20th from Los Angeles); back again Dec. 16. Itinerary at your travel agency, or:

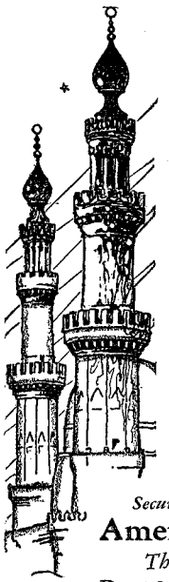
MATSON LINE

NEW YORK . . . . . 535 Fifth Avenue
CHICAGO . . . . 140 S. Dearborn Street
SAN FRANCISCO . . . 215 Market Street
LOS ANGELES . . . . . 730 S. Broadway
SAN DIEGO . . . . . 213 E. Broadway
PORTLAND . . . . . 271 Pine Street
SEATTLE . . . . . 814 Second Avenue

FREE CATALOGS, Camps or Schools in U. S. Want for Girls or Boys? Advice, State Chartered Free Bureau.
American Schools' Association
Times Bldg., N. Y. C., or 17 N. State, Chicago
CAMPS INFORMATION

SOUTHAMPTON HOSPITAL School of Nursing
Southampton, L. I. 8-hour day. 2½ year course—monthly allowance $15. Scholarship prizes. Ideal living conditions. Requirement 3 years High School. Write school principal for information

LUXURY LANE TO EGYPT and the HOLY LAND
The New Liners
EXCALIBUR
May 25, July 14
EXETER June 10
(Maiden Voyage)
EXOCHORDA
June 25, August 25
EXCAMBION
July 28 (Maiden Voyage)
and every two weeks thereafter



Our regular round trip sailings allow five days in Egypt and four in Italy, and call at Marseilles, Naples, Alexandria, Jaffa, Haifa and Beirut. Longer stopovers may be arranged.
The only regular first class service to these ports, our new liners offer exceptional steadiness, roomy staterooms, all choicely located amidship, semi-private veranda decks and excellent cuisine.

Secure details from your agent or
American Export Lines
The Export Steamship Corp.
Dept. 208—25 Broadway, New York
Chicago: 327 S. La Salle St. • Philadelphia: Bourse Bldg.
Boston: 126 State St. • Baltimore: Keyser Bldg.
Detroit: Industrial Bank Bldg.

From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Solomon

SHE sat on a hard bench in the courtroom and held a bundle in her arms.

She was very young—just under age, probably, and not old enough to have received the summons. No, it was evidently her mother, sitting beside her, meek and self-effacing, who had come in answer to the court's order. But it was the daughter who mattered. It was her case. One could see that much from the lifted chin, the frightened eyes, and the fierce clasping of the bundle.

The bundle was wrapped in a red blanket and seemed extraordinarily restless. In spite of being shifted, patted, and spoken to most confidentially, both ends of it and especially the middle were in a state of perpetual motion. It was to be hoped that the case would be called soon.

The young girl raised her eyes anxiously to the Judge; and at that moment she heard her name—or rather her mother's name—being called out loud, in front of everybody. Defendant. Yes, that was herself. She struggled quickly to her feet, clutching with difficulty the bright bundle to her breast, and marched to the front of the room. Her mother, whose thoughts were clearly somewhere else, rose hesitatingly and followed.

At the front of the courtroom the Judge, raised slightly above the common level of the floor, sat silent and imperious behind his desk. In front of the desk, and upon the floor itself, there stood a table, oblong, massive and bare. And upon this table the defendant tenderly deposited her bundle, dropping the blanket from the restless creature.

During the calling of the case, the Judge had leaned forward slightly and resting his arms upon the desk in front of him had gazed slowly around the courtroom. His eyes that seemed to look at nothing in particular were fathomless and unblinking and slightly green; and if it could be said that they carried any expression, it was one of celestial patience, or perhaps celestial indifference, that came to rest now on the eyes in front of him.

For, sitting raised above the common level of the floor, cool black from his nose to the tip of his tail, a crimson ribbon at his neck, his crimson mantle fallen from his shoulders, the creature stared up at the Judge and gave him look for look. Beyond a doubt this was a tomcat. Moreover, this cat had evidently seen his beginning in some obscure alley.

The Judge and the alley cat went on staring at each other while the case was made plain. Then the Judge turned his attention to the plaintiff.

The plaintiff, a large Negro, had risen eagerly and approached the Judge.

"Yo' honah," he began, earnestly, stretching a hand toward the silent animal upon the table, "they isn't no doubt nohow dat dishyah Tawm ain't belong to me. Yo' Honah I'se on'y a jaintah in de same street whah dis lady lib. An' whut I got to say is, as how she seen him an' she crazy 'bout him. An' she done stole him. Tawm," he turned passionately to the unmoving animal, "ain't it de truf?"

But the alley cat twitched one ear only and continued to stare up at the Judge.

"Yo' Honah," cried the plaintiff confidently, "tha's my cat—whut I ain' seen fo' two weeks. Want me to prove it? Jus' as you say. I's gon' prove it. When I say to my cat 'Jump, Tawm!' he nevah do nuthin' on'y jump. Now—now —" said the plaintiff nodding and smiling and approaching the cat, "Jump! Tawm, jump!" and with both his arms formed a mighty hoop upon the air.

THIS time the alley cat twitched his nose almost imperceptibly, but otherwise was still. At the second essay of the janitor, he slightly flicked the end of his tail as though a fly had lighted there. But the third, fourth, fifth, and so on through the fifteenth attempt the alley cat remained a statue carved of imperturbability. Until the black man, wiping beads of perspiration from his forehead, paused to breathe.

It was the defendant's turn. She looked up, still with frightened eyes and when she spoke her voice could scarcely be heard.

"Pinky's my cat," she said, and bit her lip. "I've had him now three years. I'll just speak to him—once." She inclined her head slightly, respectfully. "Wink at the Judge, Pinky," said the defendant.

The alley cat stared up into the fathomless eyes of the Judge. The Judge stared back into the green, mysterious gaze of the animal. Between them, what hadn't they seen? What thoughts untellable and inexpressible—?

The cat winked slowly at the Judge. And at that sudden look of understanding and delight above him, the alley cat dropped the other lid and winked again.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Royal Intrigue in Roumania

(Continued from Page 82)

dred and three hundred was the sum needed to put the affairs of the country in order. Millions? Hundreds of millions were needed. America had all the gold in the world. Everybody was borrowing money from America. Why not Roumania? It was a rich country. It had no cash but it had wealth, unexploited riches.

Railroad communication had become almost impossible. The locomotives the Roumanians had taken from the Hungarians after the war and those which they had bought from France were mostly out of commission, and were cluttering up the repair shops.

It must be said here again that, for unexplainable reasons, the cash in circulation in Greater Roumania, a country of eighteen million inhabitants, was the same amount it had been when the country had only six million inhabitants. A good deal of that cash had become paralyzed in a few hands, due to the speculations of the Bratianu banking houses. Only they had money. It was lent on interest at thirty, forty and fifty per cent.

The cry was out that Roumania needed money for the stabilization of its currency, which fluctuated daily from ten to fifty per cent of its value and robbed the merchants of their confidence. Peasants, working men, merchants, politicians, statesmen and even children in the schools were made to believe that the foreign loan would save the country. The Vintila Bratianu government argued that unless Roumania presented a united front to the world, and gave the impression that it had a stable government and had settled down or intended to settle down to real work from then on, they could obtain no loan anywhere. The statement was a grand coup. It did more to quiet the opposition than any other statement had ever done.

Conversations were started by the secretary of finance with several important banking houses in France and in Germany. A consortium of bankers agreed to raise the loan, provided Roumania agreed to put its house in order. There was plenty of money loose in the world. It could be gathered. The interest to be paid depended upon the stability of the country that wanted to borrow it. It was intimated that the Queen must be made to understand that she must behave; and that the Carol affair had to be allowed to dissipate itself. The Roumanians were told that no people would buy the bonds of a country the government of which was unstable. They were told that they had to

A GUARANTEED INCOME FOR LIFE

$250 a month beginning at Age 55, 60 *or* 65

THE Phoenix Mutual announces a new Retirement Income Plan under which you get not only immediate protection for your beneficiaries but also, for yourself in later years, a guaranteed income you cannot outlive.

What a $25,000 policy, payable at age 60, will do for you

It guarantees to you when you are 60
A Monthly Income for Life of . . $250.00
which assures a return of at least . $25,000.00
and perhaps much more, depending upon how long you live. Or, if you prefer, a cash settlement of $33,750.00

It guarantees in event of permanent total disability before age 60
A Monthly Disability Income of . . $250.00
and payment of your premiums while disabled.

It guarantees upon death from any cause before age 60
A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $25,000.00
Or a monthly income as long as your beneficiary lives.

It guarantees upon death from accidental means before age 60
A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $50,000.00
Or a monthly income as long as your beneficiary lives.

Send for the Facts

The plan above is for an income of $250 a month, payable at age 60. You may arrange to retire at other ages than 60 if you wish. You may provide for yourself a Retirement Income greater or smaller than $250 a month. Plans for women are also available.

Other things you can provide for by this program are: Money to leave your home free of debt. An income for your wife in case she should outlive you. Money to send your children to college. Money for emergencies. Money for special needs. There is hardly a financial problem which cannot be solved by this plan.

A Retirement Income does not have to be paid for all at once. It is usually paid for in installments spread over a period of 20 years or more. Naturally this makes the individual installments comparatively small.

One of the great advantages of this plan is that it goes into operation the minute you pay your first installment. As you continue to invest, the fulfillment of your life plans is guaranteed.

Even though you should become totally disabled and unable to make another payment, your payments would be made by us out of a cash reserve provided for that purpose. Your home would be left clear of debt, just as you had planned. Your children would go to college, expenses paid, if you had planned it so. And, beginning soon after you were disabled, you would have $250 a month to live on so long as the disability continued, even if it should last the rest of your life.

We should like to send you an interesting 28-page book called "How to Get the Things You Want," which tells all about the Retirement Income Plan and how it can be exactly suited to your own special needs. No cost. No obligation. Send for your copy of this free book today.

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Home Office: Hartford, Conn. First Policy issued 1851

Copyright 1931, P. M. L. I. CO.

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., 608 Elm St., Hartford, Conn.
Send me by mail, without obligation, your new book,
"How to Get the Things You Want."
Name_____ Date of Birth_____
Business Address_____
Home Address_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

take it for granted that King Michael would become the King upon reaching his majority, and that the regency would rule until then. The Roumanian government promised.

Then the consortium of bankers, having consulted with legal lights, began to point out to the Roumanian government that certain laws had to be modified before foreign capital would consent to come into the country. The law about foreigners, for one, would have to be modified, and the mining laws would have to be changed so as to permit foreign capital to exploit the oil wells. The Roumanian government promised. But the loan, which at first had seemed merely an affair of days, was not forthcoming, and the stormy petrels began to lose patience. The anti-Semitic press again reared its head and declared that the country was being Jewified; that the Jews were raising their noses a little too high. Some said that it might have been more expedient to threaten to kill the Jews if money was not forthcoming.

A Roumanian commission was sent to Paris to confer with the bankers, but the affair dragged and dragged. The conditions imposed by the international bankers became more and more stringent. They demanded greater and greater guarantees. They demanded the control of the finances of the country. They demanded to act as receivers until the loan was paid. They wanted to know how much of the money would be spent for the improvement of the railroads; how much would have to be spent for the stabilization of the currency, and how much would be used to pay immediate internal debts. The Roumanians wondered who informed the bankers and who advised them. Roumania's financial experts had never been very precise in their accounts. The international bankers, however, had their own experts working in Roumania, and their figures varied greatly from those given them by the Roumanians.

THEN one banking group after another gave up the project. This continual bartering between the banks and the representatives of Roumania was one of the most curious banking deals in Europe. The guarantees demanded for the loan were harsh. There were other humiliating conditions, to say the least, that were demanded of the country. The Roumanians agreed, and still the transactions dragged along. The more the banking firms obtained the more they wanted. Finally, they demanded that the revenue of the whole country be mortgaged to them and that France and England guarantee the loan. The opposition papers desisted from any vicious attacks on their government, but as the affair dragged on they began to make the failure of the loan one of their weapons against the Liberals. The Anti-Semites and the Queen and her entourage lost patience. The Queen had become interested in a new friend, and she shifted her "seclusion" from one place to another, leaving behind her a long trail of photographs in new poses. Princess Ileana, too, had got into some new scrape which displeased everybody.

Finally, after a long time, and much worry and humiliation, the loan was obtained; a much smaller loan than had been anticipated with much more onerous conditions than was thought possible. Roumania agreed. The Roumanian currency was stabilized at one-fortieth of its former value. A few locomotives were repaired. A few debts were paid. The Messiah had come, but he did not save anything.

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of May 16, 1951

The Atlantic Seadrome Company announced last week that, to avoid congestion, no transients will be permitted to stop for more than one night at the hotels maintained by the company on its ten Florida-Portugal floating airdromes. The same rule is already in effect on its chain of Massachusetts-Ireland seadromes.

President Jones of the Amalgamated Electric Lie Detector Company estimated that by January, 1952, his company's detectors will be in regular use for application to witnesses in the courts of thirty-two states of the Union.

And then the Vintila government crashed, and the Maniu government came into power. The change was rather unexpected. Some even accused Shtirbey of new machinations, saying that it was he who had urged upon the regency that Vintila Bratianu had served his purpose. The Prime Minister was called and asked to resign. He was dismissed with the same informality with which one dismisses an office boy. A close friend of his told me that, for days on end, Vintila Bratianu walked around up and down in his room, biting his finger nails and moaning:

"They have dismissed me like an office boy. They have dismissed me like an office boy."

But he was gone. His political power was ended. Maniu and his people were in the saddle. The people who had been permitted to hold a congress at Alba Julia were in power. Maniu gave the impression of a civilized man. New hope was instilled into the hearts of the people. Maniu declared, quite openly, that though the country and the treasury had been looted by the Liberals, he intended to put the house in order. Meanwhile, Queen Marie had again awakened from a coma during which she had paid little attention to the affairs of the country. Here was the Maniu government, and the danger of Carol's return was becoming greater each day. Maniu, Manoilescu, Mironescu, were woven together. Half of Maniu's collaborators were avowed or secret Carolists.

IT WAS still forbidden to mention Carol's name in public or in the public prints. Yet this interdiction did not prevent the active propaganda that was going on in favor of the former heir to the throne. The old story about Carol's abdication was brought to the fore again. The old accusations were rehashed. The *Epoca* attacked the dowager more and more vigorously. Queen Marie retaliated in the only way she knew how—by a special campaign of publicity. It was her most frequently used weapon. The edge was a little dull from too much use, but it was still a good bludgeon. This time the press campaign was one entirely in favor of Michael and "his poor, neglected mother."

It was about this time that Prince Nicholas sobered up and realized the true condition of affairs. No man wants to be known as a fool and a puppet. It was known that his own voice was absolutely nil in the regency; that when he was consulted it was merely a matter of form, for it was known that his voice was but the echo of his mother's. The regents, who had been the tools of Bratianu, became the tools of Maniu who was not inclined to run the country to suit the "Englishwoman."

Shtirbey was still one of her allies, despite the fact that the power of the Bratianus was gone, and that others had displaced him in her affections. He still had a strong grip upon the country through its financial affairs which were still in the hands of the Liberals.

The rift between the Peasant Party—really Maniu—and the Queen grew wider and wider. The only voice she had in the management of Roumania was that of Nicholas in the regency, and when that son threatened to fail her, Queen Marie brought forth all the weapons at her command. Strange rumors began to circulate about Nicholas.

When Princess Ileana, who had been Marie's steady companion throughout her travels, sided with her brother, she was equally punished. The little scandals in her life were given to the world.

Small external loans, at high interest, were being contracted continually by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

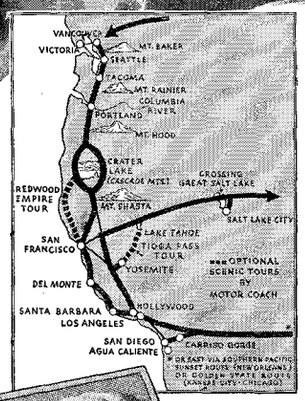
the Maniu government, who indebted the country beyond its capacity to pay. Monopolies were being sold, concessions were being given, while new laws were being made to prevent these monopolies and these concessions from being valid. I have seen, with my own eyes, soldiers without shoes on their feet and in clothes so tattered that their bodies were exposed to the wind and the cold. They had neither weapons nor food nor clothes. They were starved and emaciated beyond belief.

It passes belief that the people could endure such poverty and such hardships for so long without revolting. It passes belief that the people could be put to sleep again and again by false sirens; waiting for a better day while they worked so hard for so little, and while rulers worked so little for so much. Maniu and his associates were continually promising better days in the future, airing their grievances against the Bratianus, looting the country and its treasury. The Queen was fighting her own fights in the press of the world, bringing more and more ridicule upon her own head and opprobrium upon her children.

Princess Ileana became engaged to a German prince whose reputation was such that the Roumanian Parliament had to declare the engagement null. Yet the Princess Ileana persisted. Queen Marie took her daughter for a short voyage to Cairo. Marie's opponents, who had learned to use the weapon of publicity as well as she had, brought out the fact that Ileana continued to see the German prince, despite the interdiction of the government. She threatened to marry him. The government threatened to cut off her income if she did so. Every one of Marie's children receives a yearly grant from the treasury of the country.

Marie discovered that Nicholas was actually in correspondence with his brother. The whole world crashed down upon her ears. More photographs. More news. Reams of paper were fed to the news artillery. All the cannons were fired at once. Close upon that, one of the regents died. And again people shook their heads. No. It was too ridiculous for words. It was all too convenient. True, that regent was an old gentleman, but he had died too suddenly, too conveniently. What would the world say?

The Maniu government began to bicker with the Queen. She insisted that she alone must replace the dead regent. If they would not agree to take her into that body she wanted at least to put one more of her own men in. Roumania was in great need of money. The hesitating, vacillating Maniu government did not know how to put a curb on the demands



Only this ticket includes the whole Pacific Coast

To see the whole Pacific Coast! Its mountains that from white heights look down upon the Evergreen Playground of the Pacific Northwest... down upon your glistening, speeding train. And southward its forest of giants, the world's largest and oldest trees that rule the Redwood Empire. San Francisco ... Del Monte ... Santa Barbara ... Los Angeles ... Yosemite ... Lake Tahoe ...

These, and more, are what the Pacific Coast should mean to you. Certainly no trip to the Coast would be complete if a single one were lacking. And Southern Pacific serves them all.

Two of Southern Pacific's Four Great Routes enter the Pacific Coast from the south—Golden State Route from Chicago and Sunset Route from New Orleans. Overland Route, midway at San Francisco. Shasta Route sweeps down from the north. To go one route and return another is to *see the whole Pacific Coast* on one roundtrip ticket.

One combination—Shasta-Overland—is illustrated by a ticket and map. You can choose any combination you want, to make your roundtrip ticket show you the places you want to see. Use coupon.

Southern Pacific

4 GREAT ROUTES FOR TRANSCONTINENTAL TRAVEL

O. P. Bartlett, 310 South Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, or H. H. Gray, 531 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

My Pacific Coast destination will be _____
Please send me an itinerary that will include the places I have checked:
[ ] *Great Salt Lake* [ ] *Lake Tahoe* [ ] *Yosemite* [ ] *The Big Trees*
[ ] *Crater Lake* [ ] *Pacific Northwest* [ ] *San Francisco* [ ] *Los Angeles*
[ ] *San Diego* [ ] *West Coast of Mexico* [ ] *Santa Barbara* [ ] *Del Monte*
[ ] *San Antonio* [ ] *El Paso* [ ] *New Orleans* 2305

Name _____

Address _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outlook and Independent Classified Section

The rate for Classified Advertisements is 60c a line, minimum 4 lines. "Help and Situations Wanted" advertisements 10c a word and 25c charge for box number. Material should be in this office 13 days prior to publication date of issue in which advertisement is to appear.

For further information write The Outlook Co., 120 East 16th St., New York City

HOTELS AND RESORTS

Maine

ROCK GARDENS and COTTAGES
A modern homelike resort on the Maine Coast
Ocean—Woods—Lake—Mountain view
Sanitary improvements—Electricity
Golf—Tennis—Trout and Deepsea fishing
Water Sports Booklet
Mosquito free under Gorgas System
J. W. Merritt, Sebasco Estates, Maine

The OUTLOOK Southport, Maine
A small summer inn overlooking Boothbay Harbor and Islands. Modern, yet old-fashioned in atmosphere and surroundings. Descriptive folder. Garage.
L. C. FISHER, Owner, Manager.

Massachusetts

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.
THE LESLIE
A quiet, cosy little House by the sea. Opens June 27th. Private baths. Descriptive booklet. 27th season.

New Hampshire

CORNISH, NEW HAMPSHIRE
May 1st—November 1st
A spacious comfortable house for a limited number of guests. Box 786, Windsor, Vermont.

CONDITIONS OF THE *REMARKABLE REMARKS CONTEST*

For the best Remarkable Remarks contributed by Outlook readers the Outlook will award weekly prizes of $5 for the one judged best, and $2 each for as many more as may be adjudged worthy of inclusion in the column.

Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

HOTELS AND RESORTS

New Jersey

GALEN HALL
Hotel and Sanatorium
ATLANTIC CITY
The utmost for your comfort and pleasure. Excellence without Extravagance. Write for reservations.
Galen Hall Company

New York

HOTEL LENOX, North St., west of Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. Superior accommodations. Good meals. Write direct or Outlook and Independent Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

SABBATH DAY POINT
Mohican House on Lake George, N. Y. Acc. 125, Popular resort. On State highway. Bathing, Boating, Tennis. $18.00—$20.00. Booklet.

ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS HEART'S DESIRE CAMP. Furnished. 5 rooms; bath; running water; electricity; open fireplace; $250 for season. Smaller camp $225. Fine view of mountains. Supplies convenient. Central for touring. ALMON WARD, Jay, N. Y.

GUESTS RECEIVED IN COUNTRY HOME. Quiet surroundings, wholesome food, attractive scenery, walks and drives. SUNNY RIDGE, Box 142, Cornwall, N. Y.

New York City

THE GARDEN SPOT
67 West 44th St. between 5th & 6th Aves.
Luncheon Dinner
Facing North Side of Hippodrome

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq. New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, MANAGER

Vermont

FOR A RESTFUL VACATION, on large farm, high altitude, wonderful mountain scenery, large porch, lawn, sun-chairs, seats, swings, birch-grove with hammocks, summer-house facing Mt. Dorset, swimming pool, home atmosphere. All modern conveniences, near Long and Bridle Trails and Route 7. $20 per week. **MOUNTAIN VIEW FARM, DANBY, VT.**

BOARD

WESTCHESTER COUNTY. Ideal Home. Business or professional man with English family. Boating, golf and tennis facilities near. 45 minutes from N. Y. on inlet of sound. References. Ainley, 36 Stuart Avenue, Mamaroneck.

COMFORTABLE ROOM in private family, reasonable, 50 miles from Washington, near Blue Ridge Mountains. References. Box 116, The Plains, Virginia.

HELP WANTED

POSITIONS on Ocean Liners; Experience unnecessary. List of positions free. 292-G, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

DESIRED, position as companion, nurse or housekeeper. Experienced. References. Box 9699 Outlook and Independent.

COLLEGE GRADUATE, versatile young southern woman, experienced French teacher with varied interests wants position as companion or tutor. Excellent references. 9710 Outlook and Independent.

EDUCATED, Protestant woman desires position as companion or hostess. Has travelled considerably. References exchanged. 9711 Outlook and Independent.

STUDENT—Height six feet, careful driver, available as chauffeur or companion May 28.—59 Woodbine Ave., Overbrook, Penna.

SITUATION WANTED: Young woman, college graduate, experienced teacher, specializing in mathematics and English, desires position in any congenial fleld. Address 9713 Outlook and Independent.

INSTRUCTION

LIVE in FRENCH
Residential—only French spoken—Old Country French staff. Elementary, Intermediate, Advanced. Fee $140, inclusive. Write for circular to Secretary, French Summer School.
McGILL UNIVERSITY
Montreal - - Canada

MISCELLANEOUS

LITTLE GIRL of school age wanted for adoption by a family in comfortable circumstances who have recently lost their only daughter. A happy home with abundant care and love. Address P. O. Box 1404, Washington, D. C.

YOUR HOROSCOPE, CAREFULLY DELINEATED. Full information sent on request. Established 1900. F. HYATT SMITH, Ph.D., Box 102, Buffalo, N. Y.

PIONEER ANCESTORS TRACED, Historical Society application papers completed; send self-addressed envelope. J. A. SIMMONS, Genealogist, Box 5, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

MAPLE SUGAR
Genuine Vermont Maple Sugar
24 Sugar Cakes Prepaid $1.00
CARL GRAY, Fairfax, Vt.

GRAPHOLOGIST

YOUR HANDWRITING REVEALS WHAT YOU ARE BEST fitted for. Alexander's frank analysis of your handwriting unusual, valuable. $1.00. DON ALEXANDER, 140 East 34th St., New York City.

MART OF THE UNUSUAL

FIGURE CORRECTIVE GARMENTS — "Daintipads" and exquisite compensating lingerie for use after surgical treatment. Designed for every occasion—daytime, evening, even beach wear. Write for descriptive circular. DAINTIPADS, 1229 Sigsbee, S. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.

YOUR COMPLETE PERSONAL HOROSCOPE calculated by one of the foremost American astrologers (graduate engineer and mathematician.) A highly scientific, practical, individual and confidential Astrological Service touching all angles of the personal life. When writing for terms send date and place of birth for brief personal survey. Positively no obligation. ROSS PATTERSON, Rockport, Knox County, Maine.

GENUINE NAVAJO RUGS
Direct from Reservation. Lowest prices in years. Beautiful colors and designs. Wear a lifetime. $6.00 up. Catalog. C. G. Newcomb, Crystal, N. M.

DRY YOUR RAZOR BLADES thoroughly and instantly by using the Rapidrier. Save time, trouble and towels. Get more shaves per blade. Lasts indefinitely—costs only a quarter. RAPIDRIER, 1132 Lincolnway West, South Bend, Indiana.

BOOKS

THE LIBRARY OF POPULAR KNOWLEDGE: three volumes, on Business, Law, Health and Marriage. Illustrated and extremely interesting and useful. Price $5 the set. JOHN HODSON, B. A. (Queen's), Box 173, Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin.

THE BOOKS YOU CAN'T GET ELSEwhere may be read for a nominal fee. Members throughout the United States have access to a large collection of rare, scarce, out-of-print, strange and curious books; limited, privately printed editions and unexpurgated translations. Please state occupation or profession when writing for information and lists. ESOTERIKA BIBLION SOCIETY, INC., Dept. F 4, 45 W. 45th Street, New York City.

THE ROSICRUCIANS—FACTS NOT FICTION: who and what they are according to history and their own inner teachings; literature mailed on request. PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO., Beverly Hall, Quakertown, Pa.

WRITERS—Send at once for free booklet HOW TO WRITE FOR THE TALKIES without obligation. Daniel O'Malley Company, Inc., Suite O, 1776 Broadway, New York City.

HISTORY OF CHARMING DOLLY MADISON and "Harewood" one of the Washington estates where she was married. Price 35c a copy (coins) postpaid. Six illustrations. Miss Myanna Thruston, Shepherdstown, West Virginia.

---

of the irascible lady. They wanted to avoid scandal. American money was in the balance. What they wanted was peace, peace until they had made a new loan. Marie also knew that they wanted peace. She was bargaining with them to sell them that peace at a price. And then the Carolist forces came to the surface. The peasants began to mutter strange words. Russia or a King! They began to drink a little more than usual. They refused to pay taxes. They killed their chickens and ate them. They came to the city and amused themselves instead of saving their few cents for the winter. They took things. They sabotaged. The government hunted for Communist propagandists. The peasants pointed out to the police the people to whom they owed money.

This and that was forbidden to say and to do. Dying was the only action allowed. The mutterings became louder. Russia or a King! Carol. Why not? He is a man. A virile man. Virile men make good kings. One of our kings, Stephan, had thirty-four wives.

I saw the delegations of peasants who came to Bucharest to settle matters. They begged from the passersby and slept on the streets. Some had been there for six months and never got any nearer to the palace than its gates. Policemen drove them away, arrested them, beat them.

"But we want to see our King," they cried.

Some of them never returned to their homes. They still wander over the country and tell the tale of what has happened to them.

Carol flew from Paris to Roumania when the right time came as the climax of a long orgy of intrigue and counter-intrigue, which Mr. Bercovici describes vividly in his next installment.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED